Spirit of the Times

Forbes del. et sc.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 42.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 1—Last night but three of Mr. HACKETT'S Engagement prior to his departure for Europe. PAUL PRY: Paul Pry, Mr. Hackett—and MONS. TONSON: Mons. Marbleau, Mr. Hackett.

MONDAY, Dec 3—Last night but two of Mr. Hackett's engagement. Shakspeare's historical play of HENRY IV., by particular desire, and for the last time: Falstaff, Mr. Hackett.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4—Last night but one of the engagement of Mr. Hacket. RIP VAN WINKLE. Rip Van Winkle, Mr. Hackett—and JOB FOX: Job Fox, Mr. Hackett.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—A variety of entertainments.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6—Last night of Mr. Hackett's engagement. JONATHAN IN ENGLAND: Jonathan, Mr. Hackett,—and THE KENTUCKIAN: Colonel Wildfire, Mr. Hackett.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Mr. HACKETT'S BENEFIT and last appearance prior to his departure for Europe. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR: Falstaff (1st time), Mr. Hackett—MONS MALLET. Mons. Mallet, Mr. Hackett—MILITIA TRAINING: Maj. Joe Bunker, Mr. Hackett—and other entertainments.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec 1—Madame CELESTE'S BENEFIT and last night of her engagement. The celebrated Ballet Opera of the MAID OF CASHMERE, with a variety of Dancing—to conclude with the popular Drama of ST. MARY'S EVE: Madeline, Mad. Celeste; Tom Baggs, Mr Mitchell.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 3—The celebrated vocalists, Miss SHIRREFF, Mr. WILSON, and Mr SEGUIN, will make their first appearance in the Grand Opera of AMELIE, or THE LOVE TEST,—to be followed by a new Farce entitled THE VALET DE SHAM.

TUESDAY, Dec 4—AMELIE, for the last time, with a popular Farce.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—Aubin's Opera of FRA DIAVOLO, in which Miss Shirreff, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Seguin, will perform.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6—A popular opera, in which Miss Shirreff, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Seguin will appear.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 1—Mr. WOOD'S BENEFIT. WARLOCK OF THE GLEN—DUMB GIRL OF GENOA—PHANTOM LOVE—and THE FOOLAH SLAVE.

MONDAY, Dec. 3—THE SMUGGLER OF BOOTLE BAY—PLEASANT NEIGHBOR—and THE EARTHQUAKE.

TUESDAY, Dec 4—Mr. THORNE'S BENEFIT. GASPARD THE GONDOLIER—and THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS—HERCULANEUM—and FOOLAH SLAVE.

BOWERY AMPHITHEATRE.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY EVENINGS.—Waltz and Star Entree, under the immediate direction of Mr. H. Rockwell.

Comic Song by Mr. Foster.
Grand Trial of Skill by the whole company, Corpuscular Manœuvres by the numerous Artists.
Spanish Franca by Mr. Garvey
Allemande on two Horses, by Mr. H B. Turner and Mrs. Hood.
A Daring but elegant Act, by Master Kelly.
Chinese Stick Dance, by eight persons.
Ruins of Troy, or Animated Architecture, by the whole Company.
Corde Volante, by Mr Garvey.
Rob Roy, by Mr. N. B. Turner, on two and three horses.
Lingo, by Mr Foster.
Shipwrecked Sailor, on a single horse, by T. V. Turner.
To conclude with the Aunted Tailor.

☞ A change of performance on Thursday evening. For particulars see bills of the day.

AMERICAN FORUM, 71 BOWERY.

MR. F. CAULFIELD respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that his benefit is fixed for Monday, the 2d inst., on which occasion a number of eminent men will appear. Tickets 12½ cents. to be had at the bar. To commence at 8 o'clock. Mr. F. C. will preside at the piano.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—No incident of moment has occurred to signalize the past week at this house, unless we so designate the re-appearance of Mrs. GIBBS on Wednesday. It is so long since we have enjoyed an opera at the Park, that any apology for a prima donna would have been satisfactory;—the appearance of a singer so distinguished, and so truly excellent as Mrs. Gibbs was altogether gratifying. We know not by what mismanagement, or mischance, this lady has been doomed to appear almost exclusively at minor theatres, where both her cleverness as an actress, and her talents for music are the least appreciated. Her performance on Wednesday evening was continually and warmly applauded; we saw it through, though the curtain did not fall till near midnight, and were more than ever convinced that on a proper stage, Mrs. Gibbs would become a distinguished favorite of the town. The mere beauty of her person would attract like no ordinary star, while her thorough musical education and brilliant execution would certainly win the applause of the most judicious. The performances on Wednesday evening were for the benefit of Mr. JONES;—the house was entirely unequal to his deserts.

Mr. HACKETT commenced a farewell engagement on Monday last, appearing in *Falstaff*, in which he has no equal upon the stage. His house was a good one for the season, and better indeed than those we have subsequently seen while he was going through a different line of characters—Yankees and Frenchmen. In this the playgoers show good taste.

Soon after the conclusion of this engagement, Mr. Hackett will go abroad. It is rumored, indeed, that he is likely to retire altogether from the stage, and enjoy the rich fruits of a long professional career. We hardly think he will so easily release his hold upon the pockets of John Bull, or even of his own sharper countrymen. But in such an event, so untoward to the pleasures of the public, his friends would derive this consolation, that no change of pursuit can deprive them of the charms of his wit and good humor,—these are incident to the man as well as the actor, and Mr. Hackett must change his nature, as well as his profession, before he ceases to excite our admiration.

We must not omit to mention that the Park company has received an important accession to its strength, in the engagement of Mr. HIELD, of whose abilities we cannot speak until we have an opportunity of seeing him in a range of characters.

The National.—CELESTE, for her benefit on Monday evening, brought out a new Play, written for her in London by the author of the "Rent Day," and entitled "The Mother, or the Gipsey's Revenge." We did not see her in it, but learn from the daily press that her success in it was as marked as in any recent performance. When we write of Celeste, hardly more is necessary than to give her name, to convey to the reader a perfect idea of her houses. Now that POWER has left us, she is, beyond dispute, the greatest *drawer* in the country.

Next week Opera will be again revived at this house. All hands have been busy at rehearsals for weeks past, to give effect to the "*Sonnambula,*" and "*Fra Diavolo.*" "*Amilie*" must also be repeated, for those several bits of harmony in it, that we have not yet wholly incorporated into our system.

Bowery Amphitheatre.—We are pleased to see this establishment doing a first rate business, and well do the spirited proprietors merit the patronage they receive. The house is fitted up in a very elegant manner, and the proprietors have procured an excellent stud of horses, which, with the housings, trappings, and costly dresses of the company, form a coup d'œil extremely striking.

To amateurs of horsemanship and athletic exercises, we would recommend a "peep at the ring," fully satisfied the visit will be repeated. We expect this establishment will prove a very welcome addition to our winter amusements. We learn that one of the proprietors is now in England, endeavoring to effect an engagement with the celebrated DUCROW.

Peale's Museum, under the able management of Messrs. ST. JOHN and BELL, is doing an excellent business. The inimitable Dr. VALENTINE, the comic lecturer, is there, with his budget of Yankee comicalities, and old and young seem equally captivated by his humor. His portrait gallery of *Eccentrics* has been enriched by the addition of some new and very entertaining characters lately, and altogether it is one of the most amusing exhibitions of the kind we have ever witnessed.

The American Museum is enjoying a liberal share of public favor; in fact, the several apartments, after 7 o'clock in the evening, are crowded with visitors. Mr. NICHOLLS, the Ventriloquist, is playing a short engagement, and it is unnecessary to say that he is a "sure card" any where. A peep at the splendid painting of Christ healing the Sick, is worth double the price of admission.

The peerless AUGUSTA is intently engaged in drilling the Park *corps de ballet*, for the production of *La Sylphide* and *La Sonnambula;* the manager's forces are also making great note of preparation to insure complete success, while several new people have been engaged. Madame A. makes her first appearance on Monday night week, a fact that will give great pleasure to "troops of friends" and enthusiastic admirers.

There is an *on dit* that PLACIDE has been engaged for Madame Vestris's Olympic theatre, in London, next season—upon whose authority deponent saith not. We are aware that for some time he has contemplated going abroad, at the termination of the present season at the Park, and should not be surprised if the liberal inducements held out by the managers of the Olympic had confirmed him in the adoption of his resolution. FARREN excepted, there is probably no actor on the British stage so capable of sustaining the wide range of characters, in the personation of which he has reached the topmost round of professional eminence. His withdrawal from Old Drury will give a severe shock to the company; there is not the remotest possibility that his peculiar line of business will devolve upon any one at all comparable with himself; and still we cannot say we regret that he is about to make his debut upon the London boards. The American stage cannot send a worthier or more gifted representative, or one who combines in his own person in so great a degree the attributes of success; to genius and to diversified natural talents of the highest order, which have been cultivated and refined by constant study and exercise, are united in him the tact and experience only to be gained by a thorough knowledge of his profession, and years of successful practice. He will carry with him abroad the hearty good will of thousands, who are not only proud to claim him as a countryman, but whose interest in his success will be hardly less deep and personal than his own.

DINNEFORD is about making another effort to re-build the Bowery theatre, and will succeed if his creditors deal liberally with him. If they would "sign off," so that he might take the benefit of what is termed "the two-third Act," and assist him in re-building the house, we think we could demonstrate his ability to pay them every farthing in the course of three years. His hands are tied now by debts to the amount of nearly $50,000, his losses having amounted, by his estimate, to at least $80,000 by the destruction of his theatre.

Mrs. BAILEY has returned to New York, whom perhaps our readers will better recollect as the pretty Miss WATSON, who used to sing the "Soldier's Tear," and play *Poll, the Pet*, to the infinite delight of all the young men about town. She has been absent a long while, starring it in the South and West. There, indeed, has she been doing the very heaviest work in opera,—playing Cinderella and Amina, and characters of that stamp,—and what is more creditable, gaining the greatest applause in them. It seems hardly credible that she can go through them, but if it be so, do let us hear her at once, by all odds. It is always politic to engage so pretty a woman, even if she can't sing a note. But Mrs. Bailey can sing, and deliciously, too, as all will recollect, and if she can but sustain here the the name she has won at the South, she will draw amazingly.

It is a trite saying that "misfortunes never come single;" a sad and melancholy evidence of its truth is demonstrated in the destruction of the Mobile theatre, of the junior manager of which, our friend "*Old Sol,*" we published last week some amusing reminiscences. But a few weeks before his theatre was destroyed, a misfortune greater than any he could have sustained, occurred in his family—in the loss of his wife—a lady eminent not less for her brilliant mental accomplishments, than for the possession and exercise of all those graces of mind and person so characteristic of the devoted wife and mother. Mrs. S. was endeared to a wide circle of friends, and by the society in which she moved will ever be remembered as its delight and ornament. Through all the troubles and misfortunes of her husband—and they have not been few, he having been "burnt out" three or four times—she it was who always bore up his spirits, and enabled him again to grapple with the world. In his recent calamity, more than ever, will he feel the loss of such a friend, and his bereavement cannot fail to enlist the warmest sympathy. Two of his boys are at college in St. Louis, while the other two, who are quite young, are with him To "follow in the footsteps" of their father will not only give them an elevated station in society, but secure them

——"that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The Dunlap Exhibition.—Many new pictures (two by COLE) have been added to this collection the past week, and it has become the most fashionable as well as most interesting lounge in the city. It is every evening crowded with ladies, and promises entirely to accomplish the benevolent object proposed by the Committee.

While upon the subject of pictures, it may be well to call attention again to the collection in Barclay street. Three of the pictures by DUBUFE have been before exhibited in New York, and were very much visited and admired. Some very capital additions have now been made, and the whole are exceedingly well worth repeated visits.

Messrs. TURNER & FISHER, 52 Chatham street, have just published SHERIDAN KNOWLES' new play, in five acts, of "*The Maid of Mariendorpt,*" founded on Miss PORTER's novel. Also the farce in one act of "A Pleasant Neighbor"—the play, in two acts, of "The Ransom," and Power's drama, in three acts, of "St. Patrick's Eve." Messrs. T. & F. are the most spirited theatrical publishers in the country, and deserve encouragement for their enterprise in furnishing the earliest copies of new plays.

The *Collection of Paintings* now exhibiting at the Stuyvesant Institute has been enriched with two large and exquisite gems, from the easel of Mr. Cole, executed for P G. Stuyvesant, Esq. The one is a representation of THE PAST, displaying all the chivalric splendor of a Tournament; the other, the same scene, dilapidated, it is true, but full of gorgeous natural beauty, represents THE PRESENT.

These splendid works of art are truly worthy the notice of every person of taste, and the array of talent and genius which on this occasion has been brought together for such a worthy purpose, shows, in an eminent degree, how much the arts in our country are indebted to native talent, and its liberal appreciation.

New Music.—In addition to several charming new pieces noticed in our last, ATWILL has just published Miss SHIRREFF's beautiful song "I'm o'er young to marry yet," which has become so popular. Atwill's Saloon is crowded daily with the beauty and fashion of the town, while ENDICOTT, at 359 Broadway, is also overrun. These musical publishers are lucky dogs; should either ever want a partner, let them not forget to remember we are "constantly on hand!"

THE MOBILE THEATRE DESTROYED BY FIRE!

We are pained to learn from a letter just received per Express Mail from Mobile, of the destruction of Messrs. LUDLOW & SMITH's beautiful theatre in that city. It will be seen by the letter annexed, from "OLD SOL" (one of the partners), that the sufferers meet this reverse like men, and instead of quietly brooding over the calamity, have resolutely set to work to repair the sad disaster. The letter was intended for our private perusal, but its contents do so much honor to the sterling good sense and determined character of the writer, that we shall be pardoned, we trust, for giving it a place in our columns It will not escape the attention of the many brilliant "Stars" engaged by Messrs. L. & S. for the present season, that this conflagration of their spacious and elegant theatre will not be suffered to interfere with their engagements; *there will be no interruption to the fulfilment of engagements on their part*, as in the course of a week's time they will have commenced business in their old theatre in Government-street.

MOBILE, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Nov. 21, 1838.

DEAR P.—*The Mobile Theatre is burnt to the ground!* The fire broke out about three o'clock this morning, in one of the dressing-rooms, and communicated so fast, that before the fire companies could reach the spot, all hopes of saving the building were abandoned. The losses of the proprietors of the property are partially covered by insurance; but your old friends, the undersigned, have lost ALL THEIR THEATRICAL PROPERTY—scenery, music, wardrobe, stock of paints, properties, furniture, gas fixings—everything! Not so much as a wig saved. Our losses cannot be less than $20,000—and not *one cent* of insurance. It is now 8 o'clock—by 1 we shall have men at work fitting up the American Theatre, in Government-street; one of us will proceed to New Orleans, to purchase, or borrow of the theatres there, a wardrobe for a new beginning, and in a week, at farthest we hope to be able to write you that we are "going a-head" again. We are not men to remain long on our backs, as you will see. The people of Mobile are holding out their hands to us in kindness, and offers of assistance are not wanting, should we need it, and we hope soon to retrieve our losses. At any rate, "there's nothing like trying."

We have thus put you in possession of the facts. We now wish you particularly to let the "STARS" we have engaged understand, that there will be no interruption to the fulfilment of engagements on our part. We send this by Express, so of course you will be the "first that has the news," melancholy as it is, our object being to let professional people know that no interruption (or not over a week's) will take place in our business. Yours, in haste,

WM. T. PORTER, Esq. Most faithfully, LUDLOW & SMITH.

STRAW BONNETS.—In 1817, when straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with bunches of artificial wheat or barley, in ear; on which the following lines were written:—

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes,
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries may thrash their wives!"

THEATRICALS IN MISSISSIPPI.—Not a thousand miles from Grand Gulf, a certain Garrick Club and a certain histrionic society, united both genius and energy to give a mental treat to the citizens, that should long live in their memory. Tickets, at one dollar each, were freely purchased, and the Saturday evening brought a crowded house, on one of the benches of which the bright eyes of beauty shone, like jewels on the raven brow of night. A fiddle and a bass-viol constituted the orchestra—more strings, to be sure, than Paganini uses, and "expectation stood on tiptoe" for the rising of the dingy curtain. It rose, and four strapping actors composed the living tableau that greeted the eyes of the audience.

It soon, however, became evident that seeing would be the only sense to be gratified—for of their parts was each one most marvellously ignorant. They stared at each other in mute forgetfulness—cursed the prompter, who had more reason to curse the prompted, and thus the farce passed off without any one of the audience being able to get the cue, or understand what it was about. Two young men imitated two females most abominably. Such objects scarcely could, by any stretch of fancy, have been the Charlottes of the most enthusiastic Werters.

Then came on the deep tragedy—the Apostate. Here the failure was more signal than in the farce. The tragedy became an obstreperous comedy. The ladies, overpowered by their emotions, left the theatre; the buskined actors snatched the prompter's book from him, and, with candle in hand, attempted, unsuccessfully, to read their parts, having cocked their eyes to such a tragic size that they saw quite through the book, and read eight or ten pages at once.

The most incessant laughter and immoderate good humor prevailed. The dying scenes, particularly, drew forth irrepressible bursts of merriment.

Thus closed the scene, the whole of which was "an awful warning" to all histrionic societies never to attempt to gain celebrity in a profession which requires a life-time of toil and study to achieve and adorn. Natchez Free Trader.

A gentleman whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her in these words:—"My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not married to her."

The Countess of Westmoreland.—An exchange paper, in speaking of the arrival of this distinguished visiter at New York, says—"she brings over a brilliant gang of hounds, three race horses, and the most splendid collection of playing cards that ever crossed the Atlantic. We congratulate our plain, simple countrywomen, and trust that with a becoming ambition they will make as much improvement as possible by means of this noble example."

Desirable Ignorance.—It was remarked by a British officer after the battle of Lundy's Lane, near Fort Erie, that he had visited all Europe under the banner of Napoleon, and had been engaged in the severest battles the world had ever known but that the American soldiers were the first he had ever seen who did not know *when they were whipped*, and they would even keep fighting till they tired out their foes and gained the victory.

"*Werry Particular.*"—A somewhat noted banker, not a thousand miles off, during the heavy reverses which overtook him, sought consolation in his prayer book every morning. No sooner, however, was the sacred volume closed, than he would utter in rapid succession, the most violent and abhorrent oaths, against his ill-fortune, and those whom he imagined to be the authors of his reverses. "My dear," said his wife to him one morning after prayer, "Do for mercy sake either leave off praying or swearing,—I don't care which."

Royal Pun.—The Queen, when Princess Victoria, was one day reading that passage in Roman history which states that a lady having visited Cornelia, "the mother of the Gracchi," displayed, according to the custom of the time, a casket of costly jewels, upon which Cornelia handed forth her children, exclaiming, with maternal pride, "These are my jewels!" The little Princess laid down the book, and looking up archly in the face of her preceptress, said, "Jewels! now to make the best of them, they were but *Cornelians.*"

SPORTING SKETCHES OF AMERICA.

SCENES IN THE CITIES.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wond'rous kind;
Yet among us all, one brother
Knows not a tittle of the other.
SWIFT.

Cities are merely so many stages on the highway of civilized life, where industry and enterprise rest awhile to refresh their energies before they turn to renew their efforts in a more distant country or a wider field; and at these points it is that national peculiarities are the most deeply marked and easily identified. One great difference, however, exists between the old world and the new in this respect, that whilst in traversing the older nations of the earth a change of language and of dress prepare the foreigner for a corresponding influence in character and manners, the infinite variety which presents itself to the traveller in his progress through the States is obscured by the universal adoption of one prevailing costume, and a common tongue, together with a continued similarity of external appearances, which tends effectually to disguise the real extent of distinctions so opposite and extreme as fully to justify the character given to their variety by the Dean's verses above quoted.

To "Bosting," as the Yankees term their solid metropolis, I give a precedence among the Atlantic cities,—not that it is the pleasantest, nor the most pituresque, nor the most important in sporting, or, indeed, in any other point of view, but simply because it is the first, as being the "farthest North," and foremost in its application of the go-a-head system in such a manner, and to such effect, as to obtain the honorable appellation of "the City of Notions." In Boston and the regions round about, the earliest settlers squatted, and thence their children first "absquattulated" to seek and bring to light the hidden wealth and beauties of the Western wilderness. Boston was the first town that came out "quite" against the mother country; and at Banker's hill the first blood was drawn. Boston established the first canal, the first rail-road, and the first passable "turnpike." The first trotting matches in the States took place in New England; and upwards of twenty-five years ago the traveller on the road between Boston and Portland, a distance of 120 miles, must have been surprised to see horses not above fifteen hands high drawing heavy carriages with nine passengers inside, at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, and accomplishing the journey in the course of the day, a feat which would hardly be equalled now. New York has now entered into the lists, and has her trotters and trotting matches also; but the New England and Vermont roadsters still worthily sustain their former reputation; and eight years ago (in the fall of 1830) the Boston Grey "Burster" trotted "fair and square," as the Yankee phrase has it, one mile in two minutes and thirty-two seconds.

The Bostonians are somewhat altered for the better since the days of their earlier settlements, if truth sides at all with Diedrich Knickerbocker, the renowned chronicler of New York, by whom they are designated as "infamous thieves, a parcel of cornfed peddling squatters! a pack of lazy, louting, dram-drinking, horse-racing, cock-fighting, slave-driving, mulatto-breeding upstarts!" For now there is not, to my knowledge, a race-course anywhere in New England, whilst Boston can boast of a most respectable and well-behaved community, almost bordering upon the drowsy. Thanksgiving, feast, fast, and festival, are still sustained with due observance; and geese, salt fish, and pumpkin-pies vigorously eaten at the appointed seasons. The municipal regulations of the city, too, are unusually strict and well kept;—all vagabond dogs crossing the paths of public justice are incontinently knocked on the head for not reading and heeding the corporation warning, stuck upon the parish pumps, and headed with the striking caption—"Dogs! Dogs!! Dogs!!! And even yet more wonderful to relate in the native climes of "the weed," a fine of two dollars is imposed and exacted from every person convicted of the sin of smoking "principes" in the public streets; whilst, as regards dram-drinking, the temperate citizens restrict themselves within the wholesome limits of discreetly mixed mint-julep, egg-nog, brandy-go, and gin-sling. All that need be said of Boston, in addition, may be summed up in a few words. The city is heavy; the houses solid; churches and eating-shops plenty; climate variable; roads hard; horses good; coaches fast; citizens sea-serpentish; the cemetery sad; the locale interesting; and the Banker's hill monument a fine study; but altogether wanting in the bump of completiveness.

The "empire city," as vanity has named New York, is placed on the Island of Manhattan, one of the pleasantest spots of nature, spoilt by the perversion and impertinence of art; its sweet succession of hill and dale, have long since been levelled by the city surveyor. Down two of its sides run the Hudson and East rivers, which, in their confluence at the Battery, spread out and form the fine expanse of New York bay, the island being separated from the main land of New York State merely by a small brook or connecting branch between its two great water boundaries. On the Long Island shore of the East river the city of Brooklyn fronts that of New York; and on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson stands Jersey city, with the little village of Communipaw, worthy of note, as being the egg from whence New York first sprung, but now only celebrated for the superior excellence of its clams and negro fiddlers.

Had a choice been left to me, I should have preferred an opening view of New York, under circumstances somewhat more favorable to a first impression, than a ride in a street hack over the bone-breaking pavement of Broadway, with a panoramic display of the streets by gas-light. But I came in by night; and then, like all new comers into strange cities, as my light vehicle jumped to and fro, I strained my eyes in vain, endeavoring to catch some glimpses of the strange novelties which, as I supposed, lay "perdu" everywhere around me; but all that the steadiest attention could make out was comprised in a few gas-lamps, green trees, and gaudy awnings; a footway on either side of a narrow street, alive with a mixed population, black and white, mostly with cigars in their mouths. The intermediate space of rough and ricketty road being filled up with an indescribable confusion of carts, hacks, carriages, and four-horse omnibuses, one and all with uninterrupted row and uproar, fulfilling the varied avocations of their calling, as each held on the "noisy tenor of his way."

Supper and bed were naturally the almost instant consequences of an arrival at 11 o'clock at the Mammoth amongst hotels, the Astor House; but June was not a month for closed windows; and as I had the privilege of a front room, all the din of Broadway consequently came in at my uppermost ear, whilst a gentle buzzing hum in the neighborhood of my nose warned me of the near approach of a murderous musquitoe. However, fatigue at length effectually closed my eyes, and I had just fallen into the first of my sleep, when the clang of a multitude of bells and a shouting, as from a crowd of speaking trumpets, broke in upon my rest, and made me start up in a state of dreamy alarm. I hastened to my window, which looked out upon the corner of a large green, called the Park, where the two main avenues of the city, Broadway and Bowery, unite. Down these two streets the people rushed in crowds, tearing, scampering, and holloaing as if for dear life; while the cracked bell on the top of the City Hall repeated three distinct strokes, at close intervals; and forthwith all the church bells chimed in chorus, and every steeple clattered its utmost. Then, again, more people shouted and ran, and thus things went on for a considerable length of time. At last a little green spot of fire appeared far up the Bowery; and, as it gradually grew in size, the tramping of a crowd, and roll of heavy wheels, were heard, and then a voice rose high above the uproar, crying, "Fire! fire! fire!" And now a red light and another crowd, and sound of wheels rushed down Broadway, and other voices echoed "Where? where? where?" "Corner of Cedar," shouted Green, and in a moment two engines, drawn by men, tackled together, two and two, rattled past at full speed, each man straining every nerve with eagerness for the honor of his troop to be first at the scene of action. After these came more trumpetings, more shouting, more lamps of various colors, and more rattling engines; and the night was far advanced before silence succeeded to a scene of noisy confusion, which, by a constant recurrence to the amount of about twelve weekly throughout the year, has gained for New York the glowing appellation of the City of Fires.

I certainly do not like New York. I cannot endure the incessant noise, the whirling bustle, and disorderly confusion which reign throughout the city, from the Battery point up to Five-hundred-and-fifty-fourth-street, or thereabouts, whether it be dreary winter, when the horses go slipshod, and Jack Frost blows his nose between two icicles; or midsummer, when the thermometer is at 95 in the shade, and the musquitoes lie listlessly panting about; or autumn, when the leaves fall until the fall leaves; or spring—pleasant spring—when trees are budding, and stilts are indispensable to keep your ancles out of the mud. Everybody thinks, speaks, and acts with the extreme of hurry. Perchance you are strolling allong the ill-conditioned slips and piers of the East river, where, from the variety of tongues all in full vigor and active exercise, you might easily picture to yourself the scene in front of the Tower of Babel at the moment when the bricklayers first struck work for want of a circulating medium of speech. Here you perceive a friend afar off, in the street, closing upon you with frightful velocity, whilst the crowd almost carries you off your legs towards him;—you have something of importance to communicate, and as he approaches a smile of recognition lights up his countenance. Another moment, and you incline towards him—a wave of the hand—a nod of the head, and he whisks by,—you turn with the intention of pursuit,—the ends of his coat-tail are disappearing round the next corner—he is gone. Long and vainly have I looked to find some person in a gentler "walk" of life; but they all run alike, and it is quite a picture to see the usually tranquil old quakers going ahead full tilt, tearing up this street and down that—skipping over crates, and baskets, and bales with the agility of practised harlequins, and always under full headway;—the body bent forward to accelerate their speed, and their coat-lappets stuck straight out behind, and fluttering in the wind like kite-tails as they scurry on.

New York is a very fair sporting station, and some good shooting may be found near at hand; up the Hudson lies some excellent wild-fowl and woodcock ground, and some deer may still be found in the northern parts of Long Island; Long Island, too, is famed for its trouting, and hundreds of streams, flowing down the retired valleys into the Hudson, afford excellent sport to the disciples of worthy Izaak.

The turf, too, is freely kept up by the New York Jockey Club. The Centreville Course is devoted to the amateurs of trotting matches; and pigeon shooting is practised, together with many other minor sports, in and about the "Third Avenue."

The "Third Avenue" is an outward-bound street, leading from the *unfinished districts* of New York somewhere into the middle of the next century, when it is expected that the city will have extended its limits beyond the present bounds, and go on somewhere out of town; and on the Third Avenue it is that the young "Gothamite Swells" meet daily, in order to display the superior qualities of their trotters. Here, towards the cool of the evening, little scattered clouds of dust may be seen whirling up the road at intervals, as a few early comers clatter away in the direction of Harlem. Soon the numbers begin gradually to increase, and the dust to thicken, until by the time that the sultry heat of the summer's day has yielded to the refreshing influence of the sea-breeze, the scene becomes in the highest degree lively and interesting. At one moment, a light New York waggon, a mere square box upon four wheels, spins past, following two bob-tail bays with a motion at once so swift, so light and elegant, that it seems scarcely to rest upon the ground. Then comes a clattering of many heels, accompanied by a hard running sound, and a rushing cloud of dust, all tokens of an amateur "brush," or trial of speed, whilst the outlines of two slightly-built sulkies, and two motionless men, just give a passing glimpse, so faint and indistinct that it would be "marty diff'cult," as the negroes say, "to teil t'other from which." But now comes on a steady old respectable, rolling behind a raw-boned, heavy-looking black—his harness dingy and brown, the vehicle dull and dirty, and the whole "turn out" so utterly drowsy-looking and melancholy, that one is almost induced to pity the poor old creatures as they creep along. Anon, a distant roll, and whiz, and clatter, and up dashes a "superior swell," seated in a glossy green sulky, behind a high-going grey, bearing hard upon his driver's hand, and evidently trying the strength of the highly-polished harness. The latter soon catches up old creeper, and instantly getting a tight pull upon the grey, brings him to follow exactly on the other's track. The hard road is just wide enough for two, and Steady accordingly edges off to let the grey go by, but *he* keeps on at the same pace until the black, by slackening, drops back upon him. And now they are rolling on side-by-side, the grey pulling "heaps," and the black, from long habit, mettling and mending his pace at the approach of an antagonist; the old "dull" pulls his nag in, but the grey will not leave him, at one moment loitering alongside, the next going a "leetle" ahead, and then just falling back again, as if to lure him on, and tempt him on to a trial of speed. The ruse at last appears to succeed, the black begins to step out, and the grey does the same; until his master suddenly losing the rein, gives him his head, and off he goes. A new spirit now seems suddenly to come over the old man, and bending his body forward, he shakes the reins and shouts to the bonny black; at the word he starts, and in another moment has recovered his ground, and runs alongside his opponent; the struggle now begins in earnest, and at first the polished harness and the painted body appears to be somewhat in advance, but the old man is getting angry, and the good black, as if aware that he both *can* and *must* take twenty extra seconds off the mile, strains every nerve, and in less time than has been occupied in the recital, the dusky old couple are seen clattering on victorious and alone, whilst Swell pulls up the defeated grey, in order to avoid the ignominious salute of his departing adversary's cloud of dust. This is a scene of constant recurrence, and after its enactment the rivals usually meet at "Cato's," a resort of much celebrity, some four miles from the city, where drinks of infinite variety and aptitude to the then existent temperature, are administered by the renowned philosopher himself.*

On the occasion of my second visit to New York, the rolling circle of events brought on the period appointed for the Second Spring Meeting of the New York Jockey Club, though how it can be called a Spring Meeting when it took place on the 3d of June, with the thermometer somewhere about 90 in the shade, I am at a loss to know. "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of [New] York," was the apt quotation of the wag who had reserved a seat for me in his light waggon, as I sat by his side at the Whitehall-wharf, mopping, and muttering anything but prayers at the ferry-boat, which is invariably to be found in the middle of the stream when wanted at the wharf, and as this and another ferry at the upper end of the town are the only means of communication between New York and Brooklyn city, on Long Island, the arrival of the steamer was anxiously looked for by a vast crowd of pedestrians, equestrians, and carriage folk, all bound on the same enterprise as ourselves.

The Union Course lies about nine miles inland from the city of Brooklyn, and on our landing on the Long Island side of the ferry, we found ourselves surrounded by an assemblage of vehicles even more numerous than that we had left; immediately beyond the gate of the ferry-house, a long train of carriages stood upon the Long Island Railroad, which runs at the back of the course, the locomotive at their head fuming and fretting as if with impatience at the delay, whilst the steam cads ran to and fro, allotting seats, distributing tickets, settling the disputes between the passengers who quarrelled for want of room, and in the same breath bawling out for more "to fill up." A choice collection of hack carriages and four-horse omnibusses were drawn up on the side of the road opposite to the railway, the rival charioteers busily canvassing for fares among the new arrivals from the ferry-boat, with the exception of a few old hands, whose retiring disposition reserved their market for the late comers, at galloping prices. The more economical among the "noble sportsmen" were seeking for some conveyance better suited to their depth of draught; and a number of roaring, ramping, restive private teams, forcing their way up from the ferry, completed the universal uproar and confusion. "Hey, now! hie! you Jersey nigger, clear out, sir!"—"Oh gosh! you up agin my panal, massa!"—"Now, then, who's for the omnibustur? Only one dollar to the Union Course."—"Here, sir—off directly—run up in an hour—this way, sir."—"Hoy, sir, you—Hie! get out o' th' way."—"Shan't." —"Then I'll squish you to etarnal squash." "Oh, Hie!—Who!—Tooraloo! Tooraloo! Tooraloo!"—"What's-that!"—"Trumpit of a raillay, massa."—"Oh, I've paid for my place."—"And so have I."—"And I."—"Hoh, stop—Hie!"—"Go a-head."—Pfit, Pfit, Pfit—"Stop—stop!"—"Why?" "Couldn't." —"Can."—"Can't."—"Must!"—"Won't!" The steamer has already got into its running, the belated are left lamenting, and clouds of circling dust rising above the tree tops proclaim the advanced crowd of carriages already in full scamper for the course.

The day was as hot as mustard, the road an elegant fine sand, and the dust in such high spirits, that the keeping the eyes open, or the mouth shut was next to an impossibility; we had therefore but little opportunity of seeing any of the whims of the wayside, until the piazza of Snediker's Tavern, nine miles from Brooklyn, and in the immediate vicinity of the course, offered the combined attractions of a shelter from the sun, and a station whence we might view the animated panorama somewhat divested of its veil of dust.

It appeared to me as if Newark, the great New Jersey carriage mart of the United States, had on this day poured forth its every store. First rode the "swell," dashing along in his light waggon, behind two "sixteen mile" ponies, the sandy cloud flying upwards from beneath their feet to settle down again upon the velvet collar of the tailor's ape on horseback just behind, his best coat donned for "the occasion." Next in the rank rolls on a thundering omnibus, full of live lumber, fifteen inside, and four out, with heaven knows how many more on the roof and steps, to make up a good complement for the four horses, at somewhere about 7 to 1. Then comes a slender-built sulky, dancing behind a prime-going bay, closely followed by M. Gouverneur's landau with the strong blacks, somewhere about the cleverest carriage horses in New York, and a barouche with four greys, badly tooled. A momentary brush takes place between the landau and a britschka just a-head, and then the landau keeps the lead, whilst the britschka retires into private life behind the greys and the barouche. A body of respectables on horseback, and a group of over-heated pedestrians, fill up the next places in the line, then one or two buggies filled with foreigner-looking people, and the residue runs off from these well-mixed ingredients to the dregs, a numerous assemblage of vehicles of various colors, shape and calling, of Flatbush waggons, and Communipaw clam-boxes.

The New York Union "Track" (as the race course is technically termed), is, like all the American courses, a circular mile, around which the horses run, from right to left of the judge, one, two, three, and four mile heats, all races under a mile being termed "quarter races," and not recognised by the authorities. The courses are all private property, belonging either to the jockey clubs, or to individual speculators, generally the latter, and the ground is enclosed with a lofty pallisade, having one or more entrances, at which payment to the amount of one dollar (or sometimes two dollars), for a carriage, and so downwards in proportion, is exacted; the proceeds being appropriated to the several purposes of keeping the course in repair, furnishing the public prizes, and reimbursing the proprietor for his original outlay.

The stands, which in the South are elegant edifices, are built of wood, and the track is kept in order (!) by the somewhat strange process of light ploughing and harrowing, turf, as the word is understood in England, not proving at all a thriving plant in America, at least in the vicinity of the race courses, nor would it seem to be so in many other parts of the States, if we may attach any credit to the insinuations of a Kentucky editor, to the effect that the Yankees are in the habit of feeding their cattle with chips, and furnishing them with green spectacles, to give their food a grassy hue.

On entering within the enclosure, we left the regular line of vehicles, which proceeded across the course, and took up their station on the inner side of the course near to the judges' stand, whilst we drove directly up to a wooden building, where we found the secretary of the Jockey Club, and owner of the course, who presented me with a piece of red ribbon, on which the word "Stranger" was printed in capital letters; and thus ticketed, I was readily forwarded into the Jockey Club stand, through which I passed on to the course, where the privileged few, the members of the Jockey Club, and those by courtesy admitted to their fellowship, alone find free admittance;—here then I paused a while to survey the scene, which, as it is one in many respects similar to all other race meetings, I may as well endeavor to describe.

The course, as I have already said, was of a circular form, the round being somewhat flattened at the two sides, which formed the "run in," and the "back stretch;" the judges' stand was the only building on the inner side, the outer frontage being occupied by the Jockey Club and public stands, and the ladies' pavillion, of which the first only had access to the course. A moment's consideration will show this plan to be in many respects admirable;—the round course affords far better opportunities than any other form to see the same horse often in one race, under various circumstances, and in different aspects; whilst the stands command a complete view of the more remote corners, and make the slightest change perceptible. Before the races, and between the heats, the every bodies who crowd the English courses, to the imminent risk of all parties concerned, and the endless annoyance of rural Dogberries and country metropolitan police, are here excluded by stout gates, which are opened during the time of running, and closed at other times, about 100 yards above and below the judges' stand, so as to keep out all those who have no business in, and at the same time leaving ample space for all the horses to walk up and down. The managers directing are, the president and secretary of the Club, two (sometimes three) judges, and two timers; purses are given (public money) for a four mile race, a three mile, two mile, and mile heats, and stake on each succeeding day, and all for heats, so as to give a good day's sport at an expense comparatively trifling.

This was the four mile day, as far as sport was looked for, the most promising of all; crowds came, male crowds of men, for among all the mass, *two* ladies only graced the course; but after all, the cracks did not show—that is to say, one of them, for only two were entered; the other was declared "too bad to start," so a walk over brought the Jockey Club Thousand Dollar Purse to a most lame and impotent conclusion; and all our hopes of fun now rested on a private sweepstakes, two mile heats, for which seven were entered.

The privileged red-ribbonites were scattered up and down the course, exercising their criticism and their skill upon the entries for the two mile race, some "piling" upon bay, others upon brown, and not a few, judging from the general appearance of the lot, anxious to "put on the pot" against time; in short, all were busy, when a bugle, sounding from the judges' stand, gave notice to the trainers and their "jocks" that saddling time was come. With prompt and praiseworthy attention to the summons, each horse was instantly surrounded by a group of little blackies, stripped, saddled, rubbed down; and then, the clothes being again thrown loosely over his back, resumed his walk under the especial care and keeping of the trainer. The bugle now rang out again, and a voice cried aloud, "Riders, to the judge's stand;" and hereupon six little objects answered to the call, and ranged themselves in line before the stand. This was most certainly the drollest and most entertaining incident of all. What would an English jockey, honest John, or more than all, neat Arthur Pavis say, to see a race ridden by a troop of little black niggers, of four stone and upwards, with faces varying in deepening hue, and jackets of which the colors were not more varied than the material, some being of silk, one of velvet, and the majority of calico! Moreover, they all rode in trousers, of which the colors were as many as their jackets; the color mentioned in the card as "white and blue," being a blue jacket with white trousers; and "blue and yellow," by a like combination of a different tint. Some wore their boots inside their trousers, others their trousers tucked inside their boots, and one *no boots at all*; two had one spur, another none at all; and so, what with their negro faces, and this motley dress, they looked more like the monkeys which accompany the vagabond Savoyards, than jockeys ready for a race; and there was one small fellow with a coal-black face, and clothing of a fiery red—red jacket, trousers, cap, and SLIPPERS,—so that he looked just like an overgrown Virginia red-bird, or a large stick of ruddy sealing-wax, faced with a drop of black. These worthies having taken up their stations in a row before the stand, were feelingly harangued by the chief judge, who, in a pithy speech, explained to them the Racing Calendar of Crimes, such as foul riding, jostling, crossing, and so on, to all of which the little monkeys paid infinite attention, pinching and spurring one another on the sly, which being ended, they were all dismissed, with orders to mount instantly, and then "come up."

The choice of places had been drawn by lot, and as the boys were utterly unable to come up by means of riding to the post, each horse was led up by his trainer; and a scene of glorious confusion, turning and twisting, plunging, starting, and coming back again, followed, until the judge, by tap of drum, gave them the signal to "be off." Away they went, at score, pulling and grinning like so many little devils, but with a minimum of strength that had but trifling hold upon a horse in a dead pull; at the back stretch the horses made a rush together, and the excitement in the stand grew clamorous. "See how they go it."—"What a dew brusher."—"Sampson has got her mighty by the head."—"Go it, old black."—"Oh, mighty! how they run."—"Ain't it pirty? see what an elegant tail he totes! thunder! here they come!" and in a moment they rushed by the post, and as they reached the second corner for the last round, all the stand stood upon tiptoe. "The mare leads—the mare."—"Hah! Jim makes a run—he's bet the chesnut—now he draws upon the mare—he's next to her—he locks her—now they rush—now she's—she's—no—now she isn't—yes, he can't come up;—another run! they're both at work—the horse—the mare—go a-ahead, Jim—now the mare—no, the horse—no, no, no, the mare, the mare—Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!" Three heats, each one a repetition of the former in the detail, closed with the mare and Sampson winners, and Jim and the black discomfited; and now the entire field rolled off to finish the day's sport at Centreville, a course about a mile away, where *Dutchman* and some other first rate trotting horses were to show. My friend went off to Centreville with all the rest; but I, being anxious to return to town, to keep a previous appointment, found myself in a "fix," as Uncle Sammy has it; no hacks, no omnibus, no coach, no nothing, so I set off to walk a "something" on, and leave the rest to chance. Fate was propitious; a German Yankee, who had been selling chesnuts on the course, offered to take me in his chesnut cart to town, six miles an hour, for a dollar and a drink. Here was a chance; the bargain was soon struck, and I returned to New York city with my new friend the chesnut dealer, having discovered on the way, from his superior wit, that living must be cheap there now, when best five dollar bills are only worth three dollars; and also having impressed upon my body for a week, and on my memory for life, many a *shocking* reminiscence of the non-existence of equality in free roads, when tested by the truth-compelling trials of a *Flatbush waggon.*

WILDRAKE.

New York. London (New) Sporting Magazine for Oct.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Letter from a well-known English correspondent, dated London, 26th Oct., received by the Great Western, to the editor of the Mirror:—

DEAR ——. You request me to give you a sketch of what is going on in the theatrical world, but really it is "barren all" in that quarter. Sheridan Knowles has brought out a new play, "The Maid of Mariandorpt," at the Haymarket theatre, beautifully written, but which has not done so well for the treasury as the "Love Chase;" the cause for this probably is, that the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden being now open, have robbed the little summer theatre of its best actors and actresses. Drury Lane has been doing ill. That theatre commenced with a translation of Mozart's masterpiece, "Il Don Giovanni," wretchedly cast as to men; Mr. Balfe, the composer, a little awkward Irishman, turning, as the Examiner has it, the gay libertine, so admirably represented by Garcia, into a regular "Tipperary Peep-o'-day-boy." The only feature in it was Madame Albertazzi, quondam Miss Emma Howson, whose singing is charming, and much better than that of any other English lady, excepting Mrs. Wood, now before the English public. However, she could not make this piece succeed. "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini, followed, converted into an English opera, and Madame Albertazzi was delightful in Ninetta. This piece was very well cast, but as the impression of a first appearance had not been that which managers term a great hit—the second opera, although it has, to use the favorite Gallic expression, "covered the fair cantatrice with glory," yet has not materially assisted the treasury of the theatre. At Covent Garden, Macready has done very little better. The Drury Lane manager has engaged Mr. Van Amburgh and his wild beasts, and Mr. Ducrow and his tame horses, who are now bringing great houses, and the Covent Garden *impresario* has got up the "Tempest" according to Shakspeare's text most magnificently, acting Prospero himself. The musical arrangement is very good; Mr. T. Cooke, the musical director, has filled the theatre in all parts by dint of divers instruments with "airs and sweet sounds, which give delight but harm not." Nothing can be more beautiful than Macready's reading and acting Prospero. Ariel, in the hands of Miss P. Horton, has made what is termed a hit—she sings the music tolerably well, and flies, by dint of wires fastened to her back, from all parts of that large stage, using a pair of new *patent flapping* wings with great effect; she is too tall, and not made with sufficient symmetry for a

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* I have already had occasion to speak, and always in terms of approbation, of Brother Jonathan's mint-juleps, cocktails, slings, and other drinks, all individuals of the same species, and all *superb.* Yes, that must be the term, for I wou'd fain describe them now, but ah! the words are wanting:—the mere recital of materials composing a mint julep, ice pounded small, a tumbler full; peach brandy, water iced, a wine-glass full of each; and tender budding heads of mint sprinkled upon all, can give no more description of that drink than would the statement that St. Paul's is stone and mortar present that noble structure to the eye. There is no excess, no brutalizing horror in these light elegancies of a western life, but as a newly transplanted Irishman graphically expressed himself to a friend of mine on board a Mississippi steamboat—"You may call these people barbarians, sir—you may call them uncivilized—you may say that they are ages in the rare of Europe, if you like—but I'll tell you what it is—they are whole *centuries before us in the matther o' dhrinks.*"

beau ideal of Ariel, but acts the part with considerable *naivete.** You are aware that in Shakspeare's text, Prospero causes Ariel to assume the appearance, and be visible to him as a sea nymph, in which guise the part is acted. Dryden and Davenent's edition presents Ariel to the audience as a male spirit. Stephano and Trinculo were acted by Bentley and Holsey—Caliban was acted by Mr. Bennet, and very well. I will not say you have not seen it better acted; on the contrary, I consider the late Mr. Hilson to have been superior to him; indeed, I may with justice add, that Barnes, Placide, and Hilson were the best Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban I ever saw. As a musical piece, the Tempest at Covent Garden is not so pleasing as that arranged for the Park by Charles Horn; and although the text of Shakspeare is very beautiful to read, yet the length of the play, to say nothing of the uninteresting woes and disasters of some half dozen elderly gentlemen who always come on one after the other, a regular tragedy team, and go off together—the latter to the great delight of the audience—"holy Gonzalo," Anotonio and others, who are great bores, and add to this, the slow enunciation and long pauses of McReady, all this renders the Tempest, in its Shakspeareian attitude, a dreary, long, five-act play, which can only be rendered successful by dint of scenery, machinery, and devilry; at present, with these aids, they can only venture to act it twice a week, whereas Mr. Van Amburgh and his lions and tigers are at home every night at Drury Lane. Mr Yates, at the Adelphi theatre, is getting the coin of the realm into his coffers by dint of certain copper-colored *creeturs*, with rings through their noses, called in the play-bills *Bayaderes*, but which name our gallery-going Sam Wellers pervert not unaptly into that of *Bare Dars*. We are told they are East India priestesses, which we are just as much inclined to believe as that Mr. Yates himself is Juggernaut. I heard an old gentleman in the boxes of the Adelphi theatre, very yellow in the face, with, as Falstaff's chief justice hath it, "a decreasing leg," an "increasing belly," pish and pshaw over a play-bill, and say that these dark ladies were merely East India *nautch* girls, which means, I believe, dancing girls, by no means of a pious *caste*; and verily the peevish old gentleman seemed likely to know, for he looked as if he had eaten a world of curry, knew the flavor of mulligatawny, and had left his liver beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The Olympic theatre droops for want of Vestris; and yet there is no reason to complain of want of patronage. In her absence she has taken care that it is well managed. I am happy to find that you appreciate the talents of that clever actress; and I assure you that we have neither her fellow, nor a match for Ellen Tree here—so send them back as soon as you can spare them. I have written you a hasty sketch of what is going forward, I can venture to recommend it to you but for one quality, and that is, it gives you that which our newspapers are sadly deficient in, the truth—which those interested in the drama on your side of the Atlantic can never learn from such sources.

Truly yours, B.

THE BAYADERES IN LONDON.

Adelphi.—This house opened on Monday with the far-famed Bayaderes. These nymphs are five in number, and are accompanied by three musicians. They come from Tironvendi, a small town near Pondicherry. The eldest of these ladies is Tille-Amal (Amal signifying Lady), who is understood to be a rich woman in her own country. Her age is stated at thirty. The second lady, who possesses the euphonious appellation of Amany-Amal, is about eighteen years of age, and is a charming specimen of Indian beauty. Saoundiroun-Amal and Ramgoun-Amal are between fourteen and fifteen years of age; and the dancing party is completed by Veydoun, a little girl six years old. The musicians are severally entitled Ramalingam, Savaranim, and Deveneyagoroun. One of these, an old man of a very imposing appearance, who acts as poet and chorus-master, beats the measure on a pair of diminutive cymbals, and chants a sort of wild poem, the argument of the dance. One of the other musicians plays on a tom-tom, and the third blows a kind of pipe. The orchestral accompaniment is certainly of a very primitive and unsophisticated description, each instrument giving utterance but to one single note.

The dress of these females is most gorgeous and picturesque. They are loaded with jewels from head to foot, having not only "rings on their fingers, but rings on their toes;" their necks are adorned with carcanets, their arms with bracelets, and their ancles with chains of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones. They also wear nose-jewels, that have, it must be admitted, but an odd appearance in European eyes. They wear a sort of stays made of very flexible materials, which are covered with thin plates of gold and silver, and studded with jewels. Around their eyelids appears a black circle, formed by drawing a bodkin between them while closed, in order that both lids may receive the tint of the powder of antimony, which is placed on the bodkin. This powder is said to have the effect of refreshing the eye and exciting its lustre; whatever the cause, certain it is that we never beheld more lustrous orbs. By way of petticoat, they wore the Lungee, a long piece of silk or cotton stuff, which is girded round the loins, and comes down to the middle of the leg. The upper part fitting closely, marks with great accuracy the roundness and swell of the figure; and, tapering away to the legs, gives that loose flow to the lower part of the Lungee, which the Greek statuaries were so fond of expressing in the drapery of their nymphs. Loose silk or cotton trousers are attached to the waist by a rich girdle; they also wear an open vest, which leaves the arm exposed nearly to the shoulder, and descends half way down the breast. The space between the girdle and the border of the vest is uncovered. A scarf of fine muslin, ornamented with flowers and gold embroidery, surrounds the girdle, and falls gracefully before and behind over the left shoulder. These scarfs are of various colors, according to the fancy of the wearer.

Their dances require great attention, from the performers' ancles being hung with small bells, which act in concert with the music. Their steps are not so bounding as those to which we have been accustomed; but they are graceful, and intended to give expression to various emotions. Their representations are—The Robing of Vishnu, by Saoundiroun and Ramgoun; The Salute to the Rajah, by Veydoun; The Hindoo's Lament, by Amany; The Carrier Doves, by Amany, Saoundiroun, and Ramgoun; The Maloupou, or Love Dance, by Amany, Tille, Saoundiroun, and Ramgoun. The piece, which has been got up as a vehicle for introducing these Eastern charmers to a British audience, is entitled the "The Law of Bramah, or the Hindoo Widow," wherein a widow is rescued from the funeral pyre of her husband by the intervention of the British troops. It is a tiresome affair, and Mr. Yates will do well to abridge it materially. There is an introductory sketch, in which the enterprising manager sets forth his negotiations for the possession of the Bayaderes, and his triumph over the rival candidates, amongst whom he represents, whether accurately or not, Laporte and Macready to be, and of them he gives imitations. In the latter case a considerable portion of the audience were at first disposed to take umbrage at what they apprehended to be an ill-natured hit at one who has done so much for the British stage; but matters were made up on Mr. Yates distinctly disavowing any such intention, and expressing his warm admiration of Mr. Macready's great talent, and the highest respect for his character. We must not omit to notice that during the recess the Adelphi has been greatly improved in its interior appearance and accommodation. Its spirited lessees have done everything in this way which it was possible for them to do. A new roof has been made, and great additional facilities have been added behind the curtain. The house was crammed in every part; and such was the excitement created by the Eastern novelty, that the entrances were completely blockaded long before the opening of the doors. The Bayaderes have drawn crowded houses every night since; more from their novelty, however, than from any real merit in their performance.

Bell's Life.

THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN BURLESQUED.

The only representative of Shakspeare's heroes will allow nobody to represent him. Yates, in his address, has ventured upon this perilous step, and we are astonished at his reckless audacity. The name of Macready is associated with everything that is sublime in connection with the histrionic art. No great tragedian was ever before so well acquainted with the precise cut of a Roman beard, or the curling of a Brutus; and vast has been his toil in imparting the result of his classic researches to his barber. The greasy caps of the citizens of Imperial Rome which are shaken aloft on the national boards, were all selected from the marine stores by himself; he chose them with a careful attention to antiquity. Then how presumptuous to associate his name with the lascivious votaries of Vishnu! The consequence has been the following correspondence:—

"Sir—As I am now universally acknowledged the Grand Pillar of the National Drama, the supreme director of scenic proprieties, and the *arbiter* of all that is elegant and intellectual in matters intended for stage representation, I beg to inform you that I will not permit any liberty whatever to be taken by an attempted impersonation of myself. Let me further inform you, Sir, than Indian dancing girls form no part of the legitimate drama; in fact, I am convinced that they are productive of a great deal of illegitimacy; and, therefore, to insinuate that I was anxious to secure them for "the National Theatre," is alike both an insult to my understanding and an impeachment of my morality.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
William Macready.

Fred. Yates, Esq.

Mr. Yates presents his compliments to Mr. Macready, and begs to state that when he (Mr. Y.) first trod the boards, he also fancied himself a "great tragedian;" but he was soon convinced he was egregiously mistaken. Mr. Y. would most politely recommend Mr. M. to consider whether he (Mr. M.) is not likely to be in a similar condition; yet it may afford Mr. M. some satisfaction to know, that although Mr. Y. is a tolerable caricaturist of tragedy kings, Mr. M. is himself the great original, burlesquing all that is graceful and dignified. As the Bayaderes have an idol with a countenance between a cat and a chimpanzee, they request a cast of Mr. M.'s features.

An exchange paper says that there is a young lady in that vicinity, whom he sets forth as "the prettiest girl that ever walked on *two legs*." Wonder if there is a prettier one that walks on *four*! Do tell.

Summary,

From late English Papers received at This Office.

Resuscitation Company.—We understand, owing to the success of Mr. Parkes, the Surgeon, of Carnaby Street, in resuscitating the child who fell into the water-butt, and was taken out quite cold and stiff a few days back, it is the intention of that gentleman to form an United Life Assurance, or Resuscitation Company, and that the following are a few of the prices which have been already determined upon:—

For restoring a loving husband and tender father	£3	3	0
For an affectionate wife and doting mother	2	10	6
N.B. If either of the above parties be "universally lamented," an extra charge of one guinea and a half will be made; or if the family be inconsolable for their loss, the total expense of resuscitation will be	5	5	0
For a tender and dearly beloved infant, if a boy	1	1	0
Do. do., if a girl	0	10	6

☞ An allowance made if a quantity be taken.

Widows, Widowers, and Heirs at Law, desirous of preventing the operation, treated with upon equitable terms.

Age.

The Man of Wax.—"Hobler, my boy," cried that splendid luminary, the present Lord Mayor, to his faithful clerk, "I perceive by the papers that the lower orders of society are denominated the *can-oil*. Now by a similar mode of reasoning (continued the dispenser of moulds and merriment), such as we ought, in my opinion, to be termed *the sperm-o'-city*." Hobler burst both the strings of his waistcoat.

Beeswing and Honey.—The following dialogue took place previous to the race for the Cup at Doncaster, between the eccentric Earl and Mr. Orde, who was backing his mare heavily right and left:—

"I say," quoth Chessy, "for a sober fellow you are very fond of Beeswing?"

"Ay, but for a nobleman arrived at years of discretion," retorted Orde, "you seem a precious sight too fond of Honey."

BUNNS DRURY-LANE "B"-HIVE.

*B*enedict, *B*arnett, *B*alfe, and *B*ishop,
With *B*rindal, *B*lagrove, *B*etts, and *B*alls,
A regular musical treat can dish up—
So, sons of Drury look out for *squalls!*

When *B's* so congregate they ought to thrive—
I'faith old Drury now is a *Bee*-hive.
Bunn has not got, alas! the "*Honey*;"
"Ne'er mind," quoth Alfred, "so I get the money."

Haldorman Vilson pwesents his komps too the Heditor off the Hage, and begs for toe pertest against the vit off old Grunty, has deweloped in this ere:—

"I may be won,
But I'm not to be *done*."

The vurthy Haldorman means for toe say that he'd it off a vittyer un hisself. ***Weila!***—

Hif Dunn succeeded in his vooing,
He voodn't like to be *done*—a doing.

Notey Bena.—The vurthy Haldorman has got some hout and-hout Stilton, vot he means for to sell at a werry halarming sacrifice.

Aerostation Extraordinary.—A correspondent states that "Mr. Rush, a gentleman of fortune, who has made several ascents with Mr. Green, has engaged to ascend shortly with that celebrated aeronaut to such a height as will affect their respiration."

"*Green grow the Rushes, O!*"
If Green and Rush, will make a push,
And in the sky kick up a rout;
He'll go so high into the sky,
The *sun* will put the *Rushlight* out!

The Italian Opera has commenced at the Odeon this season in Paris. The house is splendidly fitted up. Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, compose the strength of the company. *Otello* was given on the opening night.

Fred. Yates' Last Speech.—On Friday evening Mrs. Honey kept the audience waiting, and the Michaelmas fare was most liberally bestowed on her on account of her non-appearance; the following from our friend Yates will explain the matter:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—May I claim your sympathy—and I am sure I shall have it—I am extremely sorry to inform you that Mrs. Honey, on leaving the stage and passing by one of the side wings (our space being very contracted) had the misfortune—[Loud cries of 'Order,' and great sensation]—to upset *a bottle of ink!* over—her dress. [Bursts of cachination.] Ladies and gentlemen—*gentlemen particu'arly!* although some symptoms of disapprobation may have been expressed towards our *darker* beauties, yet I am sure Mrs. Honey—may claim your indulgence." [Roars of laughter and great applause.]

The Cut Direct.—A conceited young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one at the party of the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it, you were never missed."

The porter of a Dublin grocer was brought by his master before a magistrate on a charge of stealing *chocolate*, which he could not deny. Upon being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded.

"To whom did I sell it?" says Pat, "why does he think I took it *to sell?*"

"Then, sir," said the magistrate, "what did you do with it?"

"Do wid it?" says he, "since you must know, we made *tay* of it."

"Bad thing for us!" said Timothy Wisgin, the American bill-casher, to young Rothschild—"bad thing for us—New Orleans has got the *yellow fever* again!" "No wonders, by mein Got," replied the millionaire of St. Swithin's-lane, "*Old* Orleans *always* hat it."

Rogers, on being asked his opinion of Londonderry's new work, pronounced it—particularly in the more *serious* parts—the most *amusing* book that had issued from the press for some time.

When old Lyne Stephens heard that Duvernay had presented his son with a living pledge of her fidelity, he affected to be so charmed with the virtue of the lady, that he left his card of inquiry at Joy's cottage. A *note* from the old gentleman, the fair *danseuse* said, would have proved, under all circumstances, far more acceptable.

"Well," exultingly asked the "Great Tragedian," after doing execution on Hamlet, on Monday night, "are my auditors satisfied?" "I presume they are," rejoined Tom Cooke, who had been in front, "for I never saw an audience in *better humor* in all my life." Macready would fain have crossed rapiers with his musical director, but the latter was unarmed.

Twiss, in the course of a perambulation the other day, was much puzzled by two *affiches* in a shop window, one of which bore the startling announcement, "A good lady's man wanted," and the other, "A young woman wants a walk." Anxious to know the meaning of these mystic words, and at the same time surmising that he smelt a job, he popped in to inquire; but was not a little disappointed on learning that the first referred to a lady's shoemaker, and the other to a milkmaid out of place.

A mutual trait of liberality on the part of the manager and author, may be instanced in the purchase and sale of the forthcoming play by Sheridan Knowles, at the Haymarket theatre.

"Had we not better come to an understanding," quoth Webster, "about your play, Mr. Knowles?"

"If you please," quoth the latter.

"I suppose," rejoined Webster, "I must give you £600 for it?"

"By J——, no," concluded the honest dramatist; "with all due respect for your liberality, Webster, I shall be perfectly content with £500;" which sum was eventually agreed upon.

Macready is, or appears to be, a great stickler for correctness of costume in the pieces he brings out at Covent-Garden. Seeing Miss Rainforth dressed for Ophelia in a pair of white satin shoes, he thus addressed her:—"My dear young lady, when you are going to play a character in a piece, the scene of which is laid in Denmark, I beg you will, in future, wear Denmark satin slippers."

A fracas took place on Tuesday at the Birmingham Theatre, owing to the non-appearance of Signor Nano, alias Harvey Leach, the "man-fly" of the Adelphi, in a piece called *The Demon Dwarf*. A dispute as to terms was the alleged reason, and an appeal to the audience, first by the manager, and then by the Dwarf, was made. The gods held the scales of justice for some time poised, and then decided in favor of the latter, showing their sense of his wrongs by tearing up the benches, and throwing them into the pit, destroying the chandeliers, &c., and it was some time before their "demoniacal" proceedings could be stopped. The "man-fly" was taken into custody, and was compelled to put in bail.

Next of Kin.—Some time since advertisements inquiring for the next of kin of a man named Francis Braddel were inserted in various newspapers. Braddel was a native of Castlecomer, in the county of Kilkenny, and left this country about forty years ago for America, where he resided until his death, a few months ago. He had amassed property to the amount, we understand, of about £250,000, and the "next of kin," the successor of this immense property, turns out to be a private of the 94th regiment, at present in Cork garrison. His name is Joseph Braddel, and he is nephew to the deceased. The requisite steps to obtain possession of the money have been taken, and the necessary declarations made.

The Irish have an odd way of settling their private affairs. A tailor, a native of the Emerald Isle, quarrelled with and assaulted one of his customers, who had "sworn on a newspaper" to pay him his bill at a certain time. The tailor considered such an oath as binding as if the four gospels had been in the hands of the swearer. This may be taken as a great compliment to the press in general; but we are free to confess that all that the press contains is not exactly gospel. We occasionally meet with a slight deviation from the exact truth.

Buried Alive!—A female who departed this transitory life a few days ago, in the department of the Orne, was duly conveyed, after the accustomed lapse of time, to her last home; but, as the burial ground was at some distance, the funeral procession reached it just as night was closing in. As soon as the coffin was lowered into the grave several groans were distinctly heard from the bottom of the abyss, and the bystanders, under the impression that a living being was about to be interred, insisted upon opening the coffin. That operation having been carried into effect, it was ascertained that all apprehensions of a premature interment were groundless, and the corpse was once more consigned to its "lowly bed," when the groans were distinctly repeated. The majority of the spectators fled in dismay; but an old soldier, who feared neither ghost nor devil, ultimately succeeded in rallying two or three of the most intrepid, with whom he descended into the grave, and there found a drunkard, who, it appears, had tumbled into the "yawning chasm," and fallen fast asleep. The living man was, without loss of time, restored to the upper regions, and the defunct to the bosom of the earth.

Galignani's Messenger.

A Native of Australia.—As I was reconnoitering the ground for a camp, I observed a native on the opposite bank, and without being seen by him, I stood awhile to watch the habits of a savage man "at home." His hands were ready to seize, his teeth to eat, any living thing; his step, light and noiseless as that of a shadow, gave no intimation of his approach; his walk suggested the idea of the prowling of a beast of prey. Every little mark or impression left on the earth by the lower animals caught his keen eye, but the trees overhead chiefly engaged his attention. Deep in the hollow heart of some of the upper branches was still hidden, as it seemed, the oppossum on which he was to dine. The wind blew cold and keenly through the lofty trees on the river margin, yet that broad brawny savage was entirely naked. Had I been unarmed, I had much rather have met a lion than that sinewy biped; but I was on horseback, with pistols in my holsters, a broad river was flowing between us, and I overlooked him from a high bank, and I ventured to disturb his meditations with a loud halloo. He then stood still, looked at me for a moment, and then retired, with that easy, bounding kind of step, which may be deemed a running walk, exhibiting an unrestrained facility of movement apparently incompatible with dress of any kind. It is in bounding lightly at such a pace that the aboriginal native can throw his spear with sufficient force and velocity to kill the emu or kangaroo, even when at their speed.

Mitchell's Travels.

Sleeping Like a Top.—Two knights of the angle having been one evening glad to seek the shelter of a sorry ale house for the night, one questioned the other the next morning as to how he had passed the night, observing, that for his part, "he had slept like a top." "So did I," replied his companion, "for I was turning round all night;" practically proving the nonsense of the old simile for a sound sleeper.

American Amendment.—We understand that the lady who put herself into the post instead of her letter, and was supposed to have discovered the mistake when she was asked whether she was single or double, did not actually detect the error until she was delivered.

Wit of the Day.—When Horace Twiss and Theodore Hook were very young men, they were great rivals in wit at every table at which they met; but whenever the subject of discussion was classical, Twiss generally gained the day; but when it was glassical, Hook beat the barrister hollow. At one of these keen encounters of their wit, Twiss exclaimed against Hook's want of scholarship, and unfortunately for himself said—

"Why, Hook, you don't even know the English of ***monstrum horrendum***!"

"Yes I do," exclaimed Hook, "it is horrid Twiss."

Virgins of the Sun.—In a country play-bill, announcing the play of Pizarro, and where, in imitation of the London theatres, the public were to be admitted to the stage to swell the procession, after enumerating the rest of the characters, the announcement finished with the information—"The Virgins of the Sun, by the ladies of the town."

Poaching.—A man the other day was brought before a country magistrate for poaching in the preserved covers.

"So, fellow," said the worthy justice, "you're got into a preserve, eh?"

"Noa," said the man; "please your worship I've got into a pickle."

Homœopathies.—A gentleman being asked as to homœopathy, said it was like mixing an ounce of salts in the Lake of Geneva, and taking a tea spoonful every morning.

Mutton and Capers.—To save the realization of the caricature of the company shocked, and the confusion of getting up to ring the bell, in all well-regulated dining parlors there is a string tied to the bell-pull, and conveyed to the chair of the gentleman who sits at the bottom of the table. A guest being placed in command of the bell-pull, when a boiled leg of mutton formed the dish opposite to him, was requested to ring the bell; a stupid servant, however, having inadvertently placed the knife-tray on that part of the string which lay upon the carpet, the consequence was, that knives, forks, and spoons were soon thrown into confusion, and were thrown into the air by the sudden pulling of the string. The consequent noise was great, and the gentleman's confusion unbounded, when it was facetiously accounted for by one of the party observing that "When there were boiled legs of mutton, it was quite natural that the knives should *cut capers*."

Ties of Relationship.—An enraged husband was about to slay the lover of his wife—"Stop, unhappy man!" cried the lady, "you are about to slay the father of your children."

Lament of a Penny-a-Liner upon the Present Dearth of News.

Scene—*A small Attic.*

(Jack Jackall *discovered musing.*)

Jack, *loquitur.*—Dam'me, if I know what to write about! Everything is as dull and flat as Salisbury Plain. Not a single "Awful Fire" to throw an evanescent brightness over the gloomy sphere of existence—not one "Atrocious Rape" to ravish human nature from its wretched propriety—not so much as a "Daring Robbery," to enliven the miserable monotony of life—no; not even a "Horrible Murder," to give a grateful zest to the vapid insipidity of the times. Egad, I remember the day when crimes were delightfully plentiful; and a man, by his *Murders* alone, could get a very respectable living, nor fail to turn many an honest penny by his *Robberies*. When the "Awful Conflagrations," the "Brutal Assaults," combined with the "Accidents and Offences," were sufficient to provide for all his comforts; and one might place a pleasing reliance on the "Gigantic Gooseberries," "Prodigious Pumpkins," and "Tremendous Turnips," for his luxuries. But now everything is grown so disgustingly moral, that it is impossible ever to get a shilling by an "Extensive Forgery," or so much as a mutton chop by "Sheepstealing." Society certainly is degenerating in villany. The race of rogues has dwindled rapidly of late. Greenacre was a genius—a bold original—the very Cæsar of Cut-throats; every line that came from his mouth was worth at least threepence, and that's just twice the value of any other person's words. He was a god-send to us of the Press. Alas! alas! *Tempora mutantur!* This country is no longer eminent in ruffians—your Burkers have become obsolete—your Turpins have sunk into the insignificance of Pickpockets; in fine, there is not a really great rascal to be had now-a-days, for love or money.—[*Exit* Jackall, *in high disgust*, with a determination to forthwith commit suicide, and send the report of this "Afflicting Act" to the different journals by his wife, with a heart-rending petition.]

A Yorkshire gentleman made, on the 16th of the last month, a calculation of the number of carriages passing and re-passing London bridge, from eight in the morning to eight in the evening, and the result was, that during those hours 10,010 carriages passed and re-passed the bridge, which averaged 917 in an hour, or 15 every minute, or one every four seconds. That spot is considered the greatest thoroughfare in London.

A High Compliment.—Sir B—— R——, an Irish knight, was married to the daughter of Lord C——, a connexion of which the knight was somewhat proud. Boasting of this union once to a friend, he observed that his Lordship had paid him the highest compliment in his power. He had seven daughters, said he, and he gave me the *ouldest*, and he *tould* me, too, that if he had an *oulder* I should have her.

Firmness—Large.—A young lady of very interesting appearance was brought up on Friday before the United States District Court, in Providence, for refusing to be sworn and give her testimony before the Grand Jury. Judge Story addressed her very feelingly, and pointed out the duty and necessity of giving testimony; he informed her that he had no discretion, but must commit her if she still declined. She answered that she would rather go to jail than be sworn, and was committed accordingly. It seems that a young gentleman whose addresses she was not inclined to favor, had written her two letters, which she suffered to remain in the post office. Another young gentleman took one of the letters from the post office and delivered it to the lady, who received it with the seal broken; and the young lady was summoned by the letter *writer*, as a witness against the letter *bearer*, and from some cause, best known to herself, she refused to make oath. The young lady has since been liberated, and has returned to her friends.

N. Y. Sun.

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* Decidedly the best Ariel that we have ever seen was Mrs. Austin, whom we should like to see again in the character at the Park theatre, where opera has been much neglected of late.—Ed.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1838.

REMOVAL.

☞ The Office of this paper will be removed, after Monday next, from 157 Broadway, to the Basement rooms of the American Hotel, on the corner of Broadway and Barclay-street, directly opposite the Astor House.

NATIONAL MATCH FOR $50,000! ENGLAND vs. AMERICA.

We desire to invite the attention of the Sporting World on both sides the Atlantic, to the suggestion contained in the extract annexed of a letter to the Editor, from one of the most distinguished gentlemen on the American Turf. It will be seen that he proposes a National Post Match between the "cracks" of *John Bull* and *Brother Jonathan*—or rather to run two matches of Four mile heats, for $25,000 a-side each,—one match to be run by American horses vs. the choice of England, at Newmarket, and the other on Long Island by English horses vs. the choice of America. It is believed by many of our most intelligent countrymen abroad, that no very formidable obstacle exists to prevent the conclusion of such a match, while many of those most conversant with the feelings of British Turfmen on the subject, who have recently returned, are sanguine that so far as John Bull is concerned, he has the spirit and the will to come forward at once in support of the pretensions for unrivalled beauty, speed, and stoutness, so long accorded to the English Race Horse. The subject is one that for quite a length of time has excited a keen interest among the leading turfmen of the Atlantic States; and for several months throughout the "race horse regions" of the olden time, the feasability of the match has been a most absorbing theme of discussion in every sporting circle. Several eminent Americans abroad, including one or two distinguished public functionaries, have written their friends here at home of their ardent desire that such a match should be made up, and urged it upon their correspondents. They are not only confident that our Four mile horses would reflect the highest credit upon the system of breeding and training in America, but that such a match would be fraught with almost incalculable advantage to the character, prosperity, and usefulness of the Sports of the Turf in this country.

We will detain the reader no longer, but submit the letter of our correspondent, which, by-the-bye, was not intended for publication, and our only apology for the liberty we have taken in quoting it, is in the hope that the subject, being once fairly placed before the Sporting World, by one occupying so proud a station in it, will attract general attention, and result in "a consummation devoutly to be wished" by every sensible and well-informed breeder and turfman on this side of the Atlantic.

"If the Steam Navigation goes on successfully we must have a match with England. Suppose you feel the way both at home and abroad, and see how such a thing would take? Let us run one match in New York and the other at Newmarket, Four mile heats, 5000 guineas each match, all England vs. all America. I would like to join a party of gentlemen in such an enterprise, with "OLD NAP." and ARTHUR TAYLOR engaged in it; the stock would be worth a premium. It would, more than anything else, revive the spirit of racing, and would add greatly to the value of blood stock, on both sides of the Atlantic. I wish Capt. STOCKTON, Mr. LIVINGSTON, and the Messrs. STEVENS, would think over the matter, and see if we cannot make arrangements to carry it into execution. We can beat the English in a long race of heats, not because we have better horses, but we better understand the art of training for such races; at least this is my opinion, and I am willing to back that opinion to the extent of 1000 guineas. Confer with these gentlemen, and such others as might likely go into it, and let me know what they think of it. In haste, yours truly, ———.

CHALLENGE FOR $1000 A-SIDE.

In this paper of the 10th ult. we published the official report of the races at Beans' Station, Tenn. There were three races on the 1st day, one of which was thus described by the Secretary:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at $200 each. h. ft. One mile.
Capt. James Scruggs' ch. c. *Nolachucky*, by Medoc, out of White Stockings by Jackson 1
James Clark's gr. c. *Gen. Mabry*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Galen by Pacific 2
Maj. Wm. Ainsworth's nomination pd ft
Time, 2:05.

"When Nolachucky and Gen. Mabry came to the stand neither appeared in good order. After a false start, in which the former went all the way round, and the latter about three-fourths, they were got off, *but the General had a very bad start*. On the run home the contest was close."

It is proper to apprise the reader that the Secretary who furnished us with the report above was Capt. SCRUGGS, the owner of the winner. In his report furnished to the "Knoxville Register," he omitted the paragraph just quoted, which was sent to *this* paper, and his having done so would seem to have elicited the following statement and challenge:—

BEAN'S STATION, (East Tennessee), Oct. 11, 1838

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, saw Mr. Clark's grey colt run against Mr. Scrugg's chesnut colt on the 10th inst., at this place; and at the time the drum was sounded the hindmost horse was from 10 to 24 yards past the judges' stand, and the other horse a considerable distance in advance and running, while Clark was holding his colt to bring him back, until he run him against the post and railings, threw Clark, and got off. And we believe that it is contrary to all rules and justice to start horses as these were, after getting so far past the stand, and so great a space between the horses.

John F. Pate, W. P. Harrilson, Thos. McGoldrick,
Wm. Evans, Wm. H. Genings, Wm. Atkinson,
John Drail, James McAnally, Pleasant Jennings,
Shelby Shipley, John Spison, Royal Jennings.
Wm. G. Carter, Jefferson Powel,

As the Secretary has not given the particulars of the above sweepstake, I will state to the public how this race was run. When the horses were brought on the field, the drum was tapped as a signal for them to be brought up. Both horses came up and were let loose behind the stand, and no drum being tapped, I called to my rider to stop his horse, though they both run nearly round before the horses were stopped. And so soon as I could get ready, I called for another start, which Col. Whitesides refused to give me, saying that he considered that a heat was run. We were then allowed 20 minutes before we were called on for a second start; when we came up the second time to start, Col. Whitesides told us we were not to let go until the drum was tapped. We both came up as before; Mr. Scrugg's colt was let loose behind the stand again. Whitesides did not tap the drum until my horse ran with me from 10 to 24 yards past the stand; my horse threw me and got off; Scrugg's colt was from 50 to 75 yards ahead of mine, which can be proven by several respectable men who saw the race. And notwithstanding such an unfair start, the colts came in lapped. And to show the public that I consider that my colt was unfairly beaten, I will make a match race with Mr. Scruggs, one mile and repeat, for $1000 a-side, half forfeit, to be run over the Campbell's Station track, on the 4th of July next; the rules of the Nashville Club to govern the race. And if Mr. Scruggs accepts this proposition, I will expect an answer by the 10th of next month.

Knoxville, Nov. 14, 1838. JAMES CLARK.

New Orleans Races (Louisiana Course) Postponed!

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 16, 1838.

W. T. PORTER, *Esq., Editor of Spirit of the Times.*

DEAR SIR,—I have the honor to inform you, that at a meeting of the *Louisiana Jockey Club*, it was unanimously Resolved, that the Fall Meeting for 1838 should take place on Tuesday, the 25th December, and not on the 28th Nov., as heretofore advertised. This change was made with the desire not to interfere with the Mobile races, and at the same time, the interval given between the coming off of the races on the *Metarie Course* will be amply sufficient to enable the nags to prepare for our $8000!

By giving publicity to this, you will put us under another obligation, and when you consider the total change which takes place in our city, owing to the absence of the greater part of the elite of our society during the summer months, you will, I know, with your ready courtesy, forget the trouble we have given you, and consider the changes which have taken place to have been made solely with a wish to create good sport, and avoid anything which might excite unpleasant feeling among the officers and members of the various clubs recently formed in the South.

With a hope of giving you a good account of us soon, I remain,

Yours, respectfully, S. D. MCNEILL, Sec'y of L. J. C.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) RACES.

A letter by Express Mail from a friend at Columbia informs us that Col. HAMPTON's imported Priam colt *Monarch* won the purse for Four mile heats, and that his imported Emilius filly *Emily* won the purse for Three mile heats. Of these two races no other particulars have been received. *Ellen Percy* won the purse for Mile heats best 3 in 5. The purse for Two mile heats brought out five; it was won by Dr. Goodwyn's br. m. *Polly Green* by Sir Charles out of Polly Peacham, 4 yrs., beating Col. Beatty's *Almira*, Col. Goodwyn's *Big John*, Mr. McRa's b. f. by Bertrand Junior, and Col. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough. Time 3:54—3:52—the second heat being the fastest ever made over the Columbia Course. Col. BEATTY's *Almira* ran 2d in both heats. After the race she was sold to Mr. JOHN GIST, of Pinckneyville, S. C.

A CARD.

The public are most respectfully informed, that the 2d Vol. of "*The General Stud Book*" cannot, under any circumstances whatever, be compiled, until the 1st Vol. is disposed of, or the subscription list is filled up; for the very best of all reasons—not having received a sufficiency of funds to induce me to undertake it, or employ persons sufficient to copy the manuscripts belonging to the 2d Vol. I shall, at the lowest calculation, lose several thousands of dollars, even if every copy of the 1st volume is sold, besides other losses, incurred by bankruptcies and conflagration. In a word, I cannot, and I will not, publish any other edition of the said book, until I receive full remuneration for the labor and expenses I have already encountered, in the publication of the 1st volume as aforesaid. This is the last appeal I shall make to the public; when I most solemnly assure them, that unless full remuneration is made to me for the publication of the 1st volume in a short time, before they shall be benefited by my labor, without ample remuneration, I will consign all the matter I have in possession, to be inhumed in that Vault, for ever more, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

Lynesville, N.C., Nov. 13th, 1838.

RALEIGH (N. C.) FALL RACES.

The commencement of the first Jockey Club meeting over the new and splendid "*State Course*," on Tuesday, the 20th Nov., was marked with the most complete success. The sport was plentiful and excellent, the company numerous and highly respectable, and the weather extremely favorable. Great praise is due to the proprietor, Mr. W. L. Otey, for the admirable arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of visitors. The Course is pleasantly situated about two miles east of the city, and enclosed with a strong board fence, from nine to ten feet in height, of an oblong shape; the soil is of a sandy nature, and well adapted for quick time.

The Officers of the Club are as follows:—Gen. BEVERLY DANIEL, President; R. W. Haywood, Esq., Vice Pres't; W. L. Otey, Esq., Treasurer; W. H. Holloman, Esq., Sec'y; Col. J. P. White and Capt. Thos. Cobb, Judges in the Stand; Col. Carter and John O. Rourke, Esq., Distance Judges; Col. H. L. Robards, Maj. N. T. Green, and A. B. Hawkins, Esq., Patrol Judges; Col. John McLeod and W. B. Meares, Esq., Timers.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages, 2 year olds a feather—3 yrs 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.
David McDaniel's ch. h. *Red Wasp*, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 6 yrs. 6 3 1 1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Canary*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs. 2 1 2 2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. m. *Susan Lindsay*, by Marion, out of Fantail, 5 yrs 1 2 dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 4 y 3 dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. m. *Little Maria*, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 y 4 dist.
Thos. H. Christmas' ch. c. *Brontemp*, by Contest, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs. 5 dist.
Gen. H. Blount's b. f. *Frances Blount*, by Lancet, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 4:10—4:01—4:08—4:10.

Betting even on Canary vs. the field. Canary went off with the lead, Frances Blount a length behind, and Susan Lindsay 3d, the rest well up. No change of consequence took place till the last turn in the 1st round, where Frances B. came in front, and maintained her position for about half way round in the 2d mile, where Canary and Susan made a simultaneous rush—shot past Frances B.—and finished the heat in beautiful style, Susan Lindsay winning by a head only.

2d heat.—Canary again took the lead, and made strong running for the first mile, when she was headed for a moment by Susan, but a few strides soon gave her the lead again, and she won by about a length.

3d heat.—The betting was now 100 to 25 on Canary, and very few takers. Canary and Red Wasp only appeared at the post; the latter made the running for the first mile and a half, when Canary closed upon him, and an exciting contest ensued, which resulted in Wasp winning the heat by a length.

4th heat.—At the start Canary had a little the advantage, but Wasp soon made it up, and collared her; a smart struggle took place for a short distance, but the old mare gave up the contest, Wasp winning cleverly by three or four lengths.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 1 1
Capt. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 4 yrs. 2 2
David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs. dist.
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. c. *Libertas*, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 6:13—6:00.

Fanny Wyatt was backed freely at 2 to 1 vs. the field. Eloise had the track, and took the lead, with Pioneer close at her heels, Libertas 3d, and Fanny trailing behind, hard in hand. In this order they went along steadily for a mile and a half, without any material change, when Fanny let out, went up, and placed herself 2d; in this way they came down the stretch, passed the stand at the termination of the 2d mile, and entered upon the last round at a lively rate. In going down the back stretch Fanny went up to her adversary's quarter, and challenged; the running now commenced—they were both together on entering the last quarter, and after a severe struggle Fanny came up to the stand, and won by about half a neck only.

Second heat.—Eloise went off with the lead at a slow steady pace, Fanny trailing hard in hand; thus they continued for two miles, when Fanny made a brush, and a sharp rally took place; they ran neck and neck for some distance, when the little filly gave up the contest. Fanny finished the race in beautiful style, winning by some three or four lengths.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. 1 1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Chifney*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs. 2 2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. *Sally Riot*, by Riot of Archie, dam by Citizen, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 8:25—8:11.

This race excited a great deal of interest. Previous to starting, Chifney was decidedly the favorite. Vashti and the Fylde colt dashed off with the lead, Chifney 3d, and Sally Riot two or three lengths behind; in this position they continued for the 1st half mile, when Chifney came up, challenged and drew clear, and kept the lead for the 1st round, with Vashti close up. In making the 1st turn on the 2d mile she pushed forward, lapped, and defeated Chifney. The filly now went to work at a merry rate, and kept the lead without much difficulty until the last half mile. Chifney made a desperate effort, and after a pretty severe brush, collared his adversary; but Vashti, with a little difficulty, succeeded in shaking him off, and came home about a length ahead.

Second heat.—Chifney made all the running for the 1st mile, when Vashti made play, came up and locked him; an exciting contest now ensued for a short distance, when the filly shook him off, and never was headed throughout, winning cleverly by some four or five lengths.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $15; weights handicapped. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Capt. J. Williamson's (W. B. Meares') b. m. *Susan Lindsay*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 97lbs. 1 1 2 1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs. 2 4 1 2
David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, " " 6 yrs. 115lbs. 5 3 4 3
Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Mistake*, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs. 3 5 dist.
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. *Eliza Garrison*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 86lbs. 6 2 3 dr
John Blackmell's ch. h. by Hyazim, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs. 118lbs. 4 dr
Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56—1:55.

Betting 5 and 6 to 1 on Fanny Wyatt vs. the field. The first and second heats were well contested, particularly the second, and both were only won by about half a length. The third and fourth were very closely run, and the race was ultimately won after a very keen struggle. There has been few races where true bottom was more strongly evinced than there was in every heat.

SATURDAY, Nov. 24—For a Silver Pitcher, value $100, ent. $20, added; conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats.
O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Chifney*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.
Capt. Jas. Williamson's ch. c. *Harkaway*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 4 1 1
Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. c. *Black Cat*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs. 1 2 dr
Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 2 dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. *Frances Blount*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
Time, 1:59—1:55. dist.

Chifney the favorite against the field, who made running for a short distance, when Victoria challenged—passed—and maintained her position till making the last turn, when Harkaway and Black Cat came forward and gave her the go-by, the former winning the heat by about a length. 2d heat won easily by Chifney.

GREENWOOD (N. C.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.
A. H. Arrington's b. c. *Sam Johnson*, by Young Scroggins, dam unknown, 4 yrs.
E. J. Wilson's b. f. *Polly Carey*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs 4 1 1
J. M. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged 3 3 2
Time, 3:59—3:59—4:04. 2 2 dr

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $15, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.
Dr. Payne's ch. c. *Cyrus*, by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 1 1
A. H. Arrington's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs. 3 2
John White's ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs. 2 dist.
Time, 4:02—4:05. 4 dr

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Handicap Purse $125, ent. $10, added, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
E. J. Wilson's (Mr. French's) b. f. *Fleta*, by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 3 yrs. 83 lbs.
J. M. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 111lbs. 1 1 1
Dr. Payne's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 86lbs. 2 3 2
John White's b. f. *Polly Carey*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. a feather 4 4 3
Time, 1:53—2d heat not kept—3d, 1:55. 3 2 4

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, the 13th instant, and continued throughout the week. We are indebted to the "Standard of Union" for the annexed report of the racing on Tuesday and Wednesday.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—For a Silver Goblet and Pitcher, valued at $200, for 2 year olds, 70lbs., and 3 yrs. 86lbs., (fillies and geldings being allowed 3lbs.) Entrance $25 each. Mile heats.
Hammond & Lovell's ch. g. *Bunckum*, by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs. 1 1
Iverson & Bonner's bl. c. *Lieut. Bissinger*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs 3 2
A. Thomas' gr. c. *Cavalier Serviente*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs. 2 3
J. H. Lewis' b. f. *Ellen Tree*, by Imp. Truffle, dam by Chanticleer, 3 yrs. 4 dist.
A. H. Kenan's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Volney's dam, 3 yrs. 5 dist.
Time, 1:56—1:56.

Previous to the regular race a match came off between Col. A. Kenan's and Major Richard Rowell's colts for $500 a-side.

SAME DAY—Match, $500 a-side, Mile heats.
Col. A. H. Kenan's c. *Wolf*, by Gohanna 1 1
Maj. R. Rowell's c. *Huntsman*, by Imp. Truffle 2 2
Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 85—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.
G. Edmonson's ch. m. *Ione*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs. 1 1
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs. 3 2
Wm. A. Mott's b. h. *Gabriel*, by Imp. Truffle, dam by Bedford, 5 yrs. 4 3
J. J. Harrison's b. h. *Ibarra*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 2 dr
Time, 4:01—4:02.

VAN BUREN (Arks.) FALL RACES.

Dear P.—The races over the *Van Buren Course* commenced on the 17th Oct. Enclosed is a hasty report.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17, 1838—Purse $320, ent. $40, added, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.
John Dillard's b. f. *America*, by Waxy, 4 yrs. 1 1
David Thompson's s. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, 6 yrs. 2 2
Washington Duvall's b. m. *Lady Vixen*, by Pirate, 6 yrs. 3 3
Time, 4:32—4:30. Track heavy.

America was rather the favorite before starting—after the 1st heat she was backed by a few at 2 to 1.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $150, ent. $60, added; conditions as before. Four mile heats.
David Thompson's b. c. *Fent Noland*, late *John Belcher*, by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs. 1 1
John Dillard's b. f. *Widow Cheerly*, by Stockholder, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 9:14.

Even betting between the two—track still heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $235, ent. $30; conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s b. f. by Marmion, 3 yrs. 1 1 1
David Thompson's br. f. *Bone Case*, late *Virago*, by Citizen, 4 yrs 2 2 bol.
Time not kept

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Sweepstakes for all ages that have never won a race, catch weights. Two subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.
Washington Duvall's s. h. *Tom Thumb* 2 1 1
F. Scott's b. g. *Henry Sweat* 1 2 2
Time not kept.

The Fort Smith races commence to-morrow. They open with the three mile purse, for which Charline, the Widow Cheerly, and perhaps Experiment, will contend. There is a match, two mile heats, on Thursday week, between the *Waxy filly* and *Fent Noland*, for $2000 aside. I think Waxy will beat him. Also a match, to come off 1st Oct. 1839, for from $3000 to $10,000 aside, three mile heats.

John Dillard names own sister to Lady Nashville.
David Thompson names *Fent Noland*, by Imp. Barefoot.

Lots of quarter horses—*wrung in* for Saddles, &c., but I will write again.

Truly yours, N.

NASHVILLE (N. C.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
J. K. Bullock's ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Sir Archie 1 1
A. H. Arrington's ch. c. by Escape, dam by Bagdad 2 2
Time, 2:04½—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Canary*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs. 1 1
Mr. Battle's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam omitted 4 yrs. 4 2
J. K. Bullock's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs. 3 3
J. Wynne's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 2 dist.
Gen. Williams' b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 4.04—4.02.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. 1 1
O. P. Hare's bl. c. *Black Prince*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Fantail, 4 yrs 2 dr
Dr. Payne's ch. c. *Cyrus*, by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs dist.
Time, 6:06½.

Sweepstakes, Natchez, Miss.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Seven subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Bandbox*, by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks 2 dist.
Time, 1:56—1:58.

The Natchez "Free Trader," gives the following particulars:—

Before the first heat was run, bets were offered freely two to one in favor of the grey filly, and some taken. In one instance, $200 bankable money were staked against $100 Brandon. About one o'clock the horses started very handsomely. Half way round, the bay filly took the lead and kept it all the way through, coming out about 20 feet a-head. They grey filly was under whip and spur for the last half mile, while the bay was running easily. Time, 1:56.

Long faces now began to show themselves, and mouths were gaping in every direction. "Two to one the bay beats ten yards the repeat mile." Not taken up. "Four to one the bay beats forty feet." All silence. After a rest of fifteen minutes, the horses again started, very fairly. The bay filly took the lead about fifty yards from the stand, kept it the whole round, and distanced the grey filly. Time, 1:58. We are sorry for the latter circumstance, as we had hoped to see many contentions for purses by this fine looking animal. The bay, in our opinion, has rather too much "bottom legs" for the grey. Neither Col. Bingaman or Capt. Minor were present, being absent at the Grand Gulf races.

After the sweepstakes, a pacing match came off, for $400 a-side, one mile, between a large grey and a middling-sized bay horse. All we have to say about it is, that the bay had no show for the money, being the worst beat, and longest time (5:16) we have ever seen or heard of.

The day passed off pleasantly. There were several trotting races, foot races, together with rifle shooting, Jim Crow jigs and songs, popping of wine corks, and gymnastic exercises, besides various other kinds of amusement.

BEACON COURSE, TROTTING.

In our last we gave a report of the Second Fall meeting up to Friday afternoon, and now subjoin the trotting on

SATURDAY, Nov. 24—Purse $75, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats in Harness. 1 1
C. Bertine's br. g. *Daniel Webster* 2 2
J. M. Vicker's gr. m. *Celeste*
Time, 6:08—5:57. Very well contested.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $150, free for all trotting horses, not excluding winners of previous days. Mile heats best 3 in 5. 1
Hiram Woodruff & Co.'s b. g. *Dutchman* dist.
D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*
Time, 2:19. Lady S. was restive, and broke repeatedly.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

The Raleigh Races.—Our sporting friends at the North and West will be surprised to learn from the report of the races there in to-day's paper, that neither *Boston, Omega, Portsmouth*, or any other of "the cracks" showed at Raleigh. We are glad to see that HARE appears to have been "bringing up his luck with a round turn" in North Carolina. The Leviathan filly *Vashti* seems to have carried every thing before her at Nashville, Greenwood, and Raleigh. A match between her and Omega would be a sporting affair.

The Late Carolina Importation.—We learn from a distinguished gentleman who has seen them, that FRYER has safely arrived at Columbia with his charge, after a long passage. He writes us that the stock are somewhat stiffened by their confinement, but are perfectly sound and free from blemish. Col. HAMPTON, whose judgment in blood stock is proverbial, expresses himself very much pleased with *Delphine*, who is certainly in foal to *Plenipo*. Until she was imported by Col. H. it was supposed that *Monarch* and *The Queen* bore a most striking resemblance to their sire, but it seems they resemble her more than *Priam*. The *Plenipo* filly, (out of Brazil by Ivanhoe), is considered the finest ever imported into South Carolina. The *Merchant* filly was left in Charleston to recruit. She is said to be a very clever thing; her dam, *Surprise* (by Scud), has produced one or two good winners.

J. C. ROGERS, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., has sold his b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Fantail, 2 yrs. old, to Col. Wm. R. Johnson and Williamson & Townes, of Va., for $3000, retaining one-fourth of the interest in her stakes. Mr. Rogers has refused $2500 for his Priam filly, out of Lady Rowland, 7 months old.

Mr. R. has entered the produce of Polly Peacham and Imp. Priam in the great Produce Stake at Nashville, Tenn., of $5000 each subscription.

Maj. N. T. GREEN, of Warrenton, N. C., has sold his b. m. Aggy-down, by Timoleon, dam by Janus, now in foal to Priam, retaining one-fourth of the interest in her present produce, to P. A. PRINDLE, Esq., of Va., for $1500. Mr. P. has entered her produce in the Stake at Nashville, Tenn., of $5000 each sub.

Col. JOHN MCLEOD, of Bona Vista, N. C. has lost his fine colt *Freedom*, foaled last 4th July, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Henrietta (Festival's dam) by Timoleon.

Col. FLUD's imported b. f. *Lily*, by The Colonel, out of Fleur-de-Lis, 4 yrs., (a present to this gentleman from his relative Col. HAMPTON,) whose race at Camden, S. C., was reported in this paper last week, is believed to be *the first* winner of a race at four mile heats of the imported stock, though we trust, not the *last*. She has lately been taken into Col. H.'s stable, and will accompany Monarch and Emily to Augusta. We regret to hear that this string, which *Stuart* has in hand, loses a good one in the imported Emilius filly out of Ada, which has been thrown out of training in consequence of receiving an injury in one of her hind legs.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that liberal purses will be given at Baltimore for the improvement of *Trotting horses* in the ensuing Spring. We are informed that there will hereafter be liberal purses given at that place for the improvement of Trotting horses each Spring and Fall.

Maj. COOK, of Hightstown, N. J., claims the name of *Flying Childers* for a very promising colt by *Buskin*, a son of Tramp, out of an imported mare by Comus, dam by Partisan. The Major has a very fine lot of young things coming forward.

GEORGE SKINNER is engaged as trainer next season by Messrs. RAGLAND and DAVIS, of Alabama. Their stables won recently every Jockey Club Purse both at Nashville and Mount Pleasant, Tenn., for which they were allowed to start.

The "Southern Advocate," an excellent paper published at Huntsville, Ala., in giving a list of the horses there at the recent Fall meeting, names the trainers of several of the stables in attendance, from which we learn that *Menifee* trains for the Hon. GABRIEL MOORE—*Henry* for Mr. LARAN—*Robinson* for MOORE and PATRICK—*Reedy* for Col. CAMP, and *Ellis* for Mr. CONNALLY, Bascombe's breeder.

Gen. THOMAS S. FORMAN, of Cecilton, Md. claims the name of *Percussion* for a red sorrel colt, foaled this last Spring, got by Imported Priam, out of Polly Page by Imported Hedgeford.

Pete Whetstone, the Leviathan four mile colt, like his immortal namesake of "the Devil's Fork of the Little Red," is amiss, we sorrow to hear. Our correspondent writes us that when Col. SMITH started him at Greensboro', Ala., on the 1st instant, for the four mile purse, against *Pactolus* and *Liz*, he was dead amiss. Liz let down in the last mile of the 2d heat. Pete W. is owned by Mr. MURFREE, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and could have been sold before the race, for $5000.

Centreville Trotting Course, L. I.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 1838—Match, $500 to $400 on *Cato* vs. *Daniel Webster*, Two mile heats in Harness.

C. Bertine's b. g. *Daniel Webster*	Owner	2	1	1
Mr. Pitcher's br. g. *Cato*	P. Wheelan	1	2	2

Time, 5:38—5:40—5:42.

A very well contested match, won in good style.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "AN OLD HAND."

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 21, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—You are, I think, right, however distinguished the race horses of Kentucky have been the present and last year, surpassing all precedents *there*, that evidence is yet wanting of their superiority to "the cracks" in the Atlantic States, especially to the renowned son and daughter of *Timoleon*. Their speed upon the Union and Washington City Courses are unparalleled. I say *unparalleled*, because no horse has run the three miles on the Union, or *any other* American course, within several seconds of *Boston's* time, when he cantered *throughout* the fourth mile, making his four mile heat in 7.40, which he evidently might have made, and running his fourth mile without an effort, in 7:35, if not quicker. *Omega*, at the reported time, ran her four mile heat five seconds faster than the same distance had *ever* been run on the Washington City Course, 7:40, while other equally good timers reported 7:38 and 7:39. The course is esteemed to be several seconds slower than the Union; but she carried 97lbs., and at the same age, nay, some months younger, running the same distance, *Henry*, upon the Union Course, carrying 108lbs., ran four miles in 7:37.

Let the "Kentucky cracks" run their four miles in 7:40 at the ages of Boston, Omega, and Henry, with their weights, over courses of a full mile the circuit, and then there will be cause enough for boast, without claiming superiority. That there has been lately, and is likely to continue, a great improvement in the Kentucky race horses, I do not doubt. Superadded to late improvements, Autocrat, Barefoot, Eclipse, Medoc, Woodpecker, Trumpator, &c., judiciously crossed upon the Sir Archy and Pacolet stock, &c. &c., hereafter with each other, must, with due care in rearing and training them, cause no inconsiderable improvement in their running.

I always correct pedigrees that I see erroneously published, if in my power. The *Duchess of Carlisle's* is slightly erroneous;* though the correction in no degree detracts from her high pretensions to blood. Oscar's dam is not full sister to Bel-air. *Both* were got by imported Medley, and out of Yorick mares, which were owned, too, by the late Col. Tayloe, who bred Bel-air, and presented to Gov. Ogle, the breeder of Oscar, his dam Vixen, a little thing (as Boston's dam), that was out of Penelope; which, I believe, was in the valuable stud of Gov. Spotswood, of Virginia, and regularly descended from the best blood of the olden time, Runter, &c. Oscar got the dam of Omega. Yorick was a famed race horse of the late Col. Tayloe's father, anterior to our Revolution. Bel-air, on the contrary, was from the old Maryland stock, running briefly to Tasker's Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian, probably among the best race nags in England, at the period of her exportation, it having been expressly stipulated in her sale, that she should not run in England. Many of our best race horses are descended from Bel-air, or collaterally related to him. But all this is a thrice told tale to those who have attentively examined the Turf Register. Yours respectfully. T.

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* It was a mere inadvertency, which her owner corrected last week.

ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

FORT GIBSON (Arks.), Oct. 20, 1838.

MR. EDITOR,—When I had the pleasure of seeing you last Fall, you expressed a desire that I would occasionally address you from these desert wilds and forests inaccessible. I have, therefore, concluded to send you a few thoughts on *breeding for the turf*.

From your notices of the purchases of Col. HAMPTON and Mr. POLK, it appears that the work of importing English thorough-breds goes bravely on. This I am glad to hear, but I trust that our native stock will not be neglected by breeders, which is to be apprehended, I fear. The success which has attended breeding from imported horses must be attributed to our stock needing an infusion of blood other than that of *Diomed*, rather than to an absolute superiority in the English racer. Such imported horses as have been raced in this country, and tried with our stock, have not done much—the most successful being *Pomona, Monarch, Langford, Emily, Lilly, Britannia*, and *The Queen*, and they have won only two or three races each, while many have been repeatedly beaten. From this ill success, I am persuaded that our native mares, bred to English horses, will produce better racers than English mares and horses, notwithstanding that *Sir Archy* was the product of such union.

As our breeders appear to patronize so liberally the English stallions, and properly, too, as we need a foreign cross, the same reason would justify the owners of imported mares to breed them to our stallions, for I have as little doubt that the English horses need new blood. The advocates of the imported stallions tell us that we have bred in-and-in so much with the Diomed blood, that our stock has degenerated; and yet Mr. J. KIRKMAN, of Ala., puts *Schumla*, a daughter of Sultan, to *Glencoe*, a son of Sultan, as if what had failed with the Diomed blood would succeed with that of Sultan. An examination of our racing calendar will show, however, that many, if not a majority, of our distinguished horses have possessed two and three crosses of Diomed blood. Of the great number of breeders owning imported mares, only two, H. CLAY, of Kentucky, and Dr. E. NORTH, jr., of S. C., appear to have sent to native stallions; and I trust these gentlemen will be rewarded for their rationality by the success of their stock.

In our country, where stock can be raised at little expense, almost every breeder can afford to venture on experiments in breeding; and only by experimenting can we expect to attain perfection in our breed of horses. The great expense attending breeding in England deters the breeders there from trying the Arabian horses; but with us, every cross should be resorted to. We have had many Arabians, and the *Lindsay* Arabian is *now* thought a good cross in a pedigree. Perhaps twenty years hence this may be the opinion of the Arabians now living; for their stock appears better in the second remove than their immediate progeny, and may be still better in the third, and other removes. But one racer (*Kassina*) have I known extolled, the get of the *Winter* Arabian: but he is the sire of the dam of *Jo Townly*. The *Bagdad* Arabian mares appear to breed well, as Prophet, State Rights, and Salome, are out of them. *Amurath* has a winner in our Racing Calendar, but the *Rhind* Arabians have none. Their mares, and more remote descendants, however, may breed well.

I perceive that Mr. H. A. TAYLOE has put his Luzborough mare *Howa* to *Mingo*, and I consider this to evince good judgment, and hope he will continue to breed his mares by *imported* horses to our four milers. Of all the horses which I saw in Baltimore and New York last Fall, not excepting *Picton, Benbow*, and other colts of imported horses, I thought *Mingo* and *Boston* the most worthy of admiration, as horses most likely to breed *useful* stock—for their *forms* gave every indication of *power*, while their performances testified their speed. Let but the Messrs. Merritt, Boardman, Kirkman, Jackson, Hampton, Singleton, Stockton, and others owning imported mares, send each season one half of them to our best native stallions, and the other half to imported horses, and my life upon it, that in their stock, the get of our stallions will prove themselves superior to the get of the imported horses. I go for the cross, whether that of the English horse and native mare, or native horse and English mare. From our system of racing, our stock possesses wind and endurance; from the English mode, their's possesses speed and ability to carry weight. Unite them in the breeding stud, and the progeny ought to be able to go the distance, and carry weight. In breeding, some regard should be had to the climate, soil, and food of each animal, and I think it will prove advantageous to cross Northern and Southern stock. To this difference in food and climate some of the success of the English stallions may, I think, be attributed. Yours, CAPTAIN.

P.S. My compliments to "*Nemo*," and tell him that I have made two bets on the Broad Rock Sweepstakes; and my opponents, following his lead, insisted upon having *Altorf*. I like the *Fyldes* much, though I backed Brocklesby against Altorf, Jack Pendleton, Heth's colt, and Comer's filly, against John Linton, Polly Peacham colt, and Johnson's filly.

Go it, my Brocklesby—although I consider *Jack* my *right bower*.

FINE CATTLE IN TENNESSEE.

We are glad to learn from the Tennessee papers that the planters and farmers of that enterprising State are paying increased attention to the rearing of Mules and fine Cattle as well as horses. The Nashville Whig of a recent date notices the following

Sale of Fine Stock.—Mr. JOHN H. CLOPTON, of this vicinity, recently sold out his stock of Jacks, Jennets, blood Cattle, &c. at auction, and we are pleased to learn realized fine prices. His "distinguished" Jack *Trumpeter* was bought by Messrs. Wilford Gowen and Ira Kneeland of Davidson, at $3000; Jennet *Rachael* by David Williams, Esq. of Nashville, at 980; Black Jennet and suckling by same $705. An imported Durham Cow (*Eliza*) brought $700, and was purchased by Joseph W. Clay, Esq. of Bell Air; calf *John Bull*, out of Eliza, one year old, $626, bought by H. P. Bostick, Esq. of Williamson.

The "Western Review," published at Franklin, in Williamson County, refers to the sale noticed above in glowing terms:—

Enterprise of old Williamson!—Fine Blood Stock.—On Friday last, we were gratified with a view of the beautiful Imported Short Horned Durham Calf, noticed in our last number, the property of our friend and countyman H. P. Bostick, Esq. purchased at the late sale of John H. Clopton, Esq. at Clover Bottom. We have never seen any animal of the kind, of finer size or symmetry. He was examined by very many of our citizens, men of good judgment in such matters, who all concurred in the opinion that he was decidedly the most superior animal of his class within their knowledge.

We are truly gratified at the lively interest and generous enterprise manifested by our citizens, in the improvement, and raising of blood stock. They are getting to work in earnest, and the result will be highly favorable to the real wealth and prosperity of the whole community. A number of our public spirited citizens have for some time past, been using their influence and exertions to improve the breed and value of our stock, and we hail every additional importation and every additional experiment, as so much added to the actual and increasing wealth of the country. The uncertainty of the crop and the fluctuation of prices, render the cultivation of cotton a work of toil and labor to the farmer, without the prospect of any thing like an adequate or certain remuneration for his trouble and expense. Stock raising, on the contrary, affords certain compensation and sure profits. Kentucky has grown rich at it, and why not Tennessee? We have already made a beginning, and it needs but a few years patience and perseverance, to enable us to realize all the benefits and prosperity attendant upon a course of spirited enterprize, and well directed agricultural industry.

PEDIGREE OF SYCORAX.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

SIR—I take the liberty, at the request of the owner of *Sycorax*, the dam of the late celebrated race horse *Red Rover*, (son of Carolinian,) to forward you the authentic pedigree of her—but before I proceed, I must beg leave to remark, that although I have published his pedigree, at page 424 of the 1st Vol. of "The American Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald, and General Stud Book," and afterwards stated at pages 600 and 601 of the same book—but finding upon further investigation that the extract which I made from Cotton's edition of Mason's Farriery, with the American Stud Book attached to it, was incorrect, at the solicitation of several others interested in this family of horses, I was induced, in the winter of 1835, to make an excursion into the lower counties of Virginia, in order, if possible, to investigate and find out her true and authentic pedigrees. After a great deal of trouble, tis true, I obtained their pedigrees, and from sources I at that time esteemed to be entirely satisfactory, but which, upon mature investigation, I found to be incorrect. I am happy, Sir, to have it in my power, at this time, to inform the public, through the medium of your very valuable periodical, the authentic pedigree of this family, which I luckily, though very unexpectedly, obtained from the son of the breeder of Sycorax; it is likewise under his signature, which can at any time be furnished by her present owner, or myself, *to you*, if required.

The pedigree of Sycorax, beyond question, I am happy to state, traces through a noble line of ancestry. I obtained the remote pedigree of the above mare from the late Captain Ballard (in his life time) then a resident in Mecklenburgh Co., Va., and the former part is traced to that point, by the certificate of Capt. Stephen Murdaugh, son of the breeder of Sycorax, as aforesaid, who traced the genealogy of said mare to a bay mare, formerly procured by his brother, the late Mr. Lemuel Murdaugh, of Bertie County, N. C., for the express purpose of breeding blood horses, from a Mr. Anderson Bagley, of Lunenburg County, Va., who procured her, when two years old, of the late Capt. Francis Ballard, as aforesaid.

The said Mr. Lemuel Murdaugh no doubt obtained the pedigree with the mare in question, but unfortunately his house was struck by lightning, as I have been informed by his brother, Capt. Murdaugh, in which he was killed, the house entirely consumed, and all its contents.

Pedigree.—Sycorax, a bay mare, foaled in 1819, bred by the late Josiah Murdaugh, of Southampton Co., Va., got by Selden's Centinel—Imp. Play-or-Pay—Imp. Citizen—(the above is under the signature of Capt. Stephen Murdaugh)—her dam (traded by Mr. Bagley to said Lemuel Murdaugh, and obtained from Capt. Francis Ballard, at 2 years old,) by Alderman—President, (son of Clockfast)—Imp. Clockfast—Batt's and Macklin's Fearnaught—old Celer—old Mark Anthony—old Jolly Roger—which mare came out of a mare imported, and called Primrose. Very respectfully, your obed't ser't,

Lynesville, N. C., 13th Nov., 1838. PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

English Sporting Intelligence.

BY THE STEAMER LIVERPOOL.

Notwithstanding the *Liverpool* arrived on Friday week last, we received but a single package of papers on that day, while two large parcels of papers, and a bundle of twelve magazines, were detained on board until Monday afternoon, owing to the culpable negligence of the officers of the vessel, whose duty it is to send parcels addressed to the Press to the Post Office or Custom House. Though repeatedly applied to, it was not without great difficulty that our packages were obtained at all, and we will take this occasion to apprise those of our contemporaries who have been disappointed in the receipt of their papers, that when ours were discovered stowed away in the cabin of the Liverpool, there were a great number of other packages remaining there for different persons. It is to be hoped that the consignees, who have been apprised of the detention of packages on board, will take measures to prevent any cause for complaint hereafter.

The principal subject of discussion in the British Sporting World is the conduct of FERGUSON, the owner of *Harkaway*. It appears that the Club at Heaton Park were determined Harkaway should not start for the Cup there; at any rate, they handicapped him to carry 13 stone 7 lbs. (189 pounds!) just "*to steady him*"—or, in other words, to say, "it won't do here, Mr. Ferguson!" When he started for the Heaton Park Stakes, in which race he fell, he carried 128 lbs., though but 4 yrs. old; undoubtedly he would have won without fairly extending himself but for his falling down. Before it was known that he would not be allowed to star at the Holywell Hunt meeting, 20 to 1 was betted against every other horse in the race! He was very heavily handicapped for a race there, but as no horse can start without being nominated by a member of the Hunt, he was not afforded an opportunity of winning, no member being willing to befriend his owner so far as to put his horse in nomination.

FLINTOFF's *Eaglet*, we see, is running with great eclat at the provincial meetings. At the Chesterfield races, Harkaway arrived one morning in a caravan—walked over for the largest stake—and in twenty minutes was off again in his "carriage and four" for another meeting. Wherever he is allowed to start, a walk-over inevitably ensues, for however high he may be weighted, nothing dares start against him. At the Chesterfield races, *Eaglet* won two rich stakes, beating St. Leonard for the first, and Catherina, Columbine, St. Leonard, and Creeping Molly for the 2d. Both races were well contested, Bell's Life states, and the 2d was won at three heats.

On the 2d page of to-day's paper will be found a long article under the caption of "*Sporting in America*," from the London (New) Sporting Magazine for October. We recognise in the writer the author of "A ramble among the lakes of Westmoreland"—a young Londoner, who made a sporting tour through this country last season.

The crack article of "The Sportsman," for Oct., is the "Wolf Hunt on the Turkisag," written for the Spirit of the Times by our correspondent "Seebright." As usual with that publication, no acknowledgement is made of the source from whence the article was derived.

From Bell's Life in London, the Sunday Times, the Court Journal, Age, Satirist, Town, etc. etc., we have gleaned the following items of intelligence in the Sporting and Theatrical world.

Mr. Ferguson and Harkaway.—We have received two letters this week from anonymous correspondents, vindicating Mr. Ferguson in the course which he pursued at Doncaster, respecting the "Doncaster Cup;" and intimating that *Harkaway* would have been started but from the determination of Lord Chesterfield, at 11 P. M., on Wednesday, to start *Don John*. If this were the case, why did not Mr. Ferguson attend the rooms, and openly and candidly state the fact! But the truth is, that even on Monday it was currently reported in Doncaster, Harkaway would not start for the Cup; and long odds were laid against him before anything was even surmised of Lord Chesterfield's intention. We have been informed by another correspondent that the inducement to Lord Chesterfield's starting Don John was the very fact of Mr. Ferguson's determination not to start Harkaway being known; whereby all those who had backed the horse against Bee's-wing would have been sacrificed to "the party," without a chance of "getting out;" in which position we have been told some of Lord Chesterfield's intimate friends stood, and by his conduct were saved.

Some remarks have also been made respecting the non-starting of *Grey Momus* for the St. Leger, as a case quite analogous to that of Harkaway. It was well known, however, for weeks that Grey Momus would not start if Ion "kept all right," and therefore there is no parallel in the cases; nor was the public in any way misled, the horse having been out of the betting for some time. We can only say we shall at all times be prompt in exposing trickery of any sort on the turf or elsewhere, regardless of the rank of the parties concerned, as we have upon more occasions than one shown. Where mistaken impressions have arisen, we shall be equally ready to admit of vindication or explanation; and had Mr. Ferguson offered us any reply to the observations made, and conclusions drawn, in his own immediate case, we should in obedience to the suggestions of "Fair Play," have given it a ready insertion. **Bell's Life.**

Death of Sister to Amato.—Sir Gilbert Heathcote has had a severe loss in his stable. A fine filly foal, own sister to Amato, (who won the Derby so cleverly this year), was seized with internal inflammation last week, and died in twenty-four hours.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.

Sir—In the account of Ashby de la Zouch Races in your last paper, it was mentioned that a bay horse, the winner of a match with Mr. Ross's *Creeping Jane*, was the same that gave the late Sam Day the fall which proved fatal to that promising young jockey. The accuracy of this statement was questioned by you, Mr. Editor, and most properly so, in a note at the end of the paragraph. It is a most singular mistake, for that horse is a chestnut, and now in possession of the medical attendant of Mr. Day's family, W. Gutch, Esq. Surgeon, of Broughton, Hampton, to whom he was presented by Mr. John Day, after the decease of his son.

I cannot conclude this letter without observing, that during the last hunting season poor Sam had been riding all sorts of young, raw, thorough bred horses, in the most undaunted manner, proving that he was as superior a rider across a country as he was on the race-course. He never before had a fall, I believe, from any horse—certainly not in hunting; and it is not a little extraordinary, that the horse which gave him his first and only fall is a most perfect, docile hunter, particularly celebrated as a good and safe fencer, and that the accident occurred in an open down country, over a low, weak, dead hedge.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, A. B.

Stockbridge, October 1.

Cricket.—A somewhat novel match of cricket was played on Wednesday between two female parties (married and single), in a field in the West-end. The fineness of the weather and the novelty of the scene drew together an immense concourse of spectators, who signified their delight by repeated rounds of applause. On the whole, there could not have been less than 3,000 persons present. The playing commenced in right earnest at twelve o'clock, the married ladies going in first, scoring 22 runs; the damsels then took the bat, and scored 18. The dames then went in again, and scored 27, making 49; the young ladies then went in, and got 34, thus beating their opponents by three runs only. After the two first innings, bets, varying from 5 to 1 to 5 to 2, were freely offered on the married ladies, and as freely taken. The fielding and batting of Miss Ann Cleaver, of Bitterne, and the Misses Caroline and Patience Lee, were particularly admired; indeed, they may be safely backed against any three boys under 18. The bowling of Mrs. Carter, on the married side, was also very good. The peculiar manner of the ladies in stopping and catching, or attempting to catch the ball, was highly amusing. When the game was over, they all sat down to a comfortable tea, provided by the landlady, and concluded the day's sport by a dance in the evening.

The Duke of Rutland and his visitors, during their sojourn at Longshawe Lodge, in Derbyshire, killed about 1,000 grouse and 100 black game. His Grace, accompanied by the Marquis of Granby and Lord John Manners, has left Longshawe for Haddon Hall, his Grace's ancient seat in the Peak of Derbyshire.

The Earl of Yarborough and party have returned to Cowes in the Kestrel cutter, from a cruise in the western ports. His Lordship is about to lay up his yacht for the winter season.

Duel.—On Tuesday morning last, maugre "the tread-mill and house of correction," a duel was fought on Wormwood-scrubs, between the Marquis of Waterford and Lord George Loftus. The affair arose out of a misunderstanding at Limmer's Hotel, Lord George, after caution, having repeated some offensive expressions towards an absent friend of the Marquis. A "turn out" was the consequence, and a "call out" followed. In the first fire the Marquis, who is "a candle-snuffer," either did not or would not hit his antagonist; but finding a second shot demanded, he was nearer the mark, and "frayed" some of the habiliments of Lord George. This was too near to be pleasant, and the mysterious third shot was fortunately avoided, and both parties quitted the spot without the necessity of a continental trip, or the pleasing variety of a view of the interior of the Middlesex "bastile."

Wagers.—The town of Charleroi has lately been noted for its extraordinary wagers. Mr. S—— undertook to run over thirty miles of country whilst a snail was getting through ten inches of grated sugar. The same Mr. S—— bet he would stay longer in the river Sambre than another gentleman. After having been in the water six hours, Mr. S—— sent for his nightcap, declaring that he would not come out till the next day, upon which his antagonist declared himself beaten.

Bell's Life.

The Leger dinner at the Fountain Inn, Birmingham, was a "slap up affair." Forty-six "popped their legs under the mahogany," and from the quantity of champagne drunk, they had some difficulty in getting them up again. Mr. Baxter presided, and all was harmony and conviviality.

The following horses have recently been purchased by General Van de Poll for the Dutch Government, and were shipped on Saturday week to Rotterdam:—Carnaby, Puffendorf, and Allerston, by Brutandorf; The Drummer, by The Colonel; Castaway and Sylvan, by Cain; Revenge, by Tungus; Abbas Mirza, by Camel; Marquis, by Muley; The Early Bird, by Bedlamite; Mic Mac, by Tramp; Appleton Lad, by Humphrey Clinker; St. Kevin, by St. Nicholas; Bonehill, 2 yrs., by Zinganee, out of Miss Lydia; and Hope, 2 yrs., by Belshazzar, out of sister to Swinton.

Bell's Life.

A Scene in a Court.—"I call upon you," said the councillor, "to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?"

"Upon what authority?" said the ostler interrogatingly.

"You are to reply, and not to repeat the questions put to you."

"I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind."

"Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it: Upon what authority do you swear to the mare's age?"

"The best authority," responded the witness gruffly.

"Then, why such evasion? Why not state it at once?"

"Well, then, if you must have it"——

"Must! I will have it," vociferated the councillor, interrupting the witness.

"Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the ostler with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth."

A simultaneous burst of laughter rang throughout the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

Deer.—On Thursday week seven very fine deer, the property of Sir C. Constable, Bart., arrived in Hull in a travelling caravan, on board the "Yorkshireman" packet, from London. We understand they are of a particularly fine and swift breed, and are likely to give our sporting friends who have been so fortunate as to hunt with the Burton Constable Hounds a good breathing.

Hull paper.

Swift and Adams.—Our Paris correspondent informs us that for some time the mouchards (Police) of Paris have been in search of Adams and Swift, exhibiting an order to see the men, with a view, as they allege, to a little conversation only. Both men are for the present out of the way, it being apprehended that this is but the first step towards walking them out of the country, or alloting some other measure of "justice," for having engaged in the late fight. Adams has arrived in town, having escaped in disguise.

The following paragraph has appeared in Galignani's Messenger on the subject:—

"Swift, who was engaged in the recent prize-fight with Adams, at St. Maur, near Charenton, and against whom, as well as his antagonist, warrants had been issued, surrendered, a few days ago, at the recommendation of the principal members of the Jockey Club, and was accompanied by his counsel to M. Zangiacomi, the examining magistrate, to whom the case had been referred. He yesterday underwent an interrogatory, and, on leaving the magistrate, expressed much astonishment at all the questions addressed to him on the regulations of the ring, the training which prize-fighters are compelled to undergo, &c. It appears that Adams and the umpires of the fight have gone off to England, so that Swift will appear alone before the Tribunal of Correctional Police on the charge of having inflicted wounds occasioning an incapacity to labor for less than twenty days. It is said to have been elicited from Swift, that he had contracted an engagement previous to the fight not to beat Adams in less than forty minutes; and that for this he had received £20 from two English amateurs, who had arrived purposely from London, where they had laid heavy bets on the event. This case, in which the principal members of the Jockey Club will figure as witnesses, is expected to come on for trial in about a fortnight."

Deaf Burke and Bendigo.—The "Deaf-un" has gone down to Sheffield to make a match with Bendigo, on his own terms, but according to the new rules. He has ample funds to make a deposit, so that the intention of both will now be fairly put to the test.

On Tuesday evening a big navigator, rather top heavy, amused himself by insulting every woman he met in Bishopsgate street, till he unluckily fell foul of Barney Aaron, who remonstrated with him on his unmanly conduct, and in about eight rounds was burnished so bright that even his best friends could not recognise him. Petticoat-lane has voted Barney a dish of fish for his meritorious conduct.

We understand that a young aspirant to pedestrian fame has undertaken to pick up 300 stones, one yard apart, in ten hours and a half, on Monday next, at Finch's ground, Putney.

On Monday morning a number of persons met in St. James's park to witness a walking match between a policeman of the N division and a servant at a club house, for £5 aside, which was won by the former, who walked twice round the enclosure, a distance of two miles and 1260 yards, in less than 24 minutes. In the course of the match several disputes arose as to the policeman's walking, but Townshend, who went with him, decided that it was a fair walk, although anything but a graceful one.

On Thursday week a match of rather a novel description, and on which considerable sums were depending, came off at Enville between Mr. John Bourne, usher, and Mr. Ainsworth, miller, the latter engaging to carry Mr. John Harris, weighing upwards of 15 stone, fifty yards, while the former ran one hundred, without incumbrance, which was won by Mr. Ainsworth by half a yard.

A Novel Race.—A race of a somewhat novel and laughable nature, which might, however, have terminated differently, took place on Wednesday week. Two moulders, known best by the soubriquets of Goliah and Black Loui, undertook for a quantity of beer to run one hundred yards, the former with a wheelbarrow containing a *non compos mentis* individual named Parker, and the "Black-un" with a basket tied to his leg. The place fixed upon was the canal banks, and a considerable concourse of spectators were present. The signal being given, off the parties went, and for a considerable time the running was equal. Goliah, however, began to feel the hardship of the task he had undertaken, and finding that he could not, like his namesake of old, prove the victor, he plunged the barrow and its contents into the "briny deep," leaving the poor simpleton to make the best of his way out, which he fortunately accomplished.

Blackburn Gazette.

The Capercali.—We are happy to learn that the capercali, which as it is known, Lord Bredalbane turned out into his forests in Scotland during the past and present summer, have bred in those wilds. There were forty-four altogether, about two-thirds of which were hens, and all were old and seasoned birds. This splendid collection was made in Sweden with vast trouble, and at very great expense, by Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Thomas Fowell Buxton, the late M.P. for Weymouth, presented them to his Lordship. Should those magnificent birds, therefore, once more become, as in bygone days, common to the British isles, as it is to be hoped they shortly will, their introduction will be due to these several parties, all of whom have that object much at heart. In addition to the capercali, now at large in the Highlands, Mr. Lloyd, we understand, sent at the same time, three to the Duchess of Atholl, and fifteen to Lord Derby. All of these are, we believe, in the aviaries of Blair and Knowsley.

The Speaking Canary Bird.—There is now exhibiting in the Adelaide Gallery a canary bird that can talk! He exclaims "Sweet pretty Dickey!" and calls "Maria!" with good emphasis and discretion. We are told that he imitates the ringing of the parlour bell with the greatest precision, and can repeat several sentences in a tone far superior to that ever attained by a jay, starling, parrot, or cockatoo! The Ornithologists say that the canary *ought not* to be able to speak, seeing that his throat is only constructed for giving utterance to warbling sounds, but unfortunately for their theory the present specimen is a controversialist. He cocks his tail, turns his head prettily over his left shoulder, winks his eye knowingly, and upsets their comparative anatomy with "sweet pretty Dickey."

On Monday last, a very interesting race came off on the St. Alban's race course at Gorhambury Park, before a large concourse of spectators for £50 aside, between Mr. Bruce's bay horse, "*I don't care a damn,*" and Mr. Webber's black filly, "*Othello,*" owners riding, one mile in. At the commencement of the race Othello kept the lead, and appeared to be winning easily, when about a quarter of a mile from home his opponent challenged him, and beat cleverly by two or three lengths. A most excellent race, and ridden in good style. On their return to St. Alban's, a large company sat down to an excellent dinner at the Turf Hotel, provided by Mr. Coleman, (under whose stewardship and superintendence this match was decided), when several other races were made, one of which will come off at the Houghton meeting at Newmarket, for £100 aside, between the winner of this race 8st., and Mr. Coleman's *Calmuck*, 9st. 7lb.

Trotting Challenge.—Mr. C. Wood, of Gerard's cross, having seen a challenge from Mr. Edmonds to run his pony of 13 hands (the Milk Maid) against any pony of her height, will run one that he has, 12 hands 3 inches, against her, being allowed for inches, at the Hippodrone, any time Mr. E. may appoint, and for any sum.

A trotting match took place on the Dublin road on Thursday week between a horse the property of H. Considine, Esq., and a celebrated mare of J. Westropp, Esq., of Limerick, the former ridden by his owner and the latter by Mr. Peel, of the 25th regiment. The match was beautifully contested, and the riding admirable, the distance being only one mile. The match was for something considerable, and was won easily by the mare.

THE RACER OF ERIN.

Air—*The Exile of Erin.*

To Doncaster came the proud racer of Erin,
His condition was splendid, and sleek was his skin;
The Pats gave him welcome with shouts and with cheering,
And freely on *Harkaway* sported their tin;
Sure in his praise they were mighty uproarious,
Swearing his triumph that day would be glorious,
And over all competition victorious:
He was the prad that was sartin to win.

"The *Dan* of the turf, 'tis an iligant cratur!
To him every racer appears but a hack,
For the Gold Cup at Goodwood what speed could be greater,
Luck to the jockey that sat on his back:
At Wolverhampton, och, wasn't he famous,
Sure our own country's nag niver will shame us,
If we are proud of him, how can you blame us,
And be the favorite botheroo whack!

"Sure he will tip them the double instanter,
The backers of *Bee's-wing* are floor'd by my soul!
The Doncaster plate he has won in a canter,
And English instead of the Irish may howl."
Short was the triumph, the scheme was unriddled,
On the wrong string the poor Paddies had fiddled,
Long were their mugs when they found themselves diddled,
Ferguson playing infernally foul.

"Not run for the Cup! by de powers we are in it,
And Ferguson's off with his prad like a shot;
If *Don John* don't run, of course *Bee's-wing* must win it,
And *Harkaway's* backers must all go to pot.
Sure Mr. Ferguson is'nt a nate-un,
And though his racer is doubtless a fleet-un,
If he should run for the Park Stakes at Heaton,
May he exhibit the worst of the lot."

Truly to Heaton he came, in condition
A ginerous brute as e'er ran in a race,
While all mentioned Ferguson's name with suspicion,
A man who had covered the turf with disgrace.
"Here I mean winning," he inwardly mumbled,
But his prospects of profit were speedily humbled,
Few moments elapsed when down Harkaway tumbled.
Just retribution for practises base.

Bell's Life.

HOWDEN GREAT HORSE FAIR.

This annual horse fair, one of the most considerable in the kingdom, lasts one week, and concluded on the 22d instant. A number of London dealers were down in the neighborhood for some time before the fair, making extensive purchases of first-rate hunters and carriage horses. During the past week, many valuable horses left Howden for London, Italy, and various other parts of the Continent. The show of horses was the largest known for years, and is calculated to have amounted, from first to last, to nearly 10,000. It is principally as a colt fair, however, that Howden is famous, and especially for first-rate colts, it is reckoned the first in the Kingdom. On this account it has begun to be much frequented by foreigners, of whom several distinguished persons were present.

This celebrated mart for horses, for several years past, has been progressively earlier in its commencement. The arrival of horses on Saturday, the 22d ult., betokened a very great fair, and on Monday night the stables attached to all the inns in the town were crowded, and it was with difficulty stands could be procured. It was not, however, until Monday and Tuesday that the town began to exhibit much bustle, when the influx of buyers became great. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, there were fresh arrivals from different parts of the kingdom, and the town presented one dense mass of men and horses, and many sales were effected. Hunters were looked after with great avidity, the greatest part being sold in the inn yards, without ever reaching the fair. Very excellent prices were given: prime hunters fetching from £150 to £200 each, whilst those of an inferior grade were bought up at proportionate prices; good coach horses were equally prizeable, and found ready buyers at proportionate prices. We trust that the great demand for this description of horses, both in this country and on the continent will induce our farmers to turn themselves to this lucrative business, and that the breeding of coach horses will engross more of their attention. The extension of this foreign demand for English-bred horses is worthy of note, as it promises to become, for a time, a considerable branch of traffic, that is, until foreign breeds are sufficiently improved, and extended by the cross and admixture with the finest British stock. When this is the case, as from the pains taken and from the liberal encouragement as well as outlay given by foreign governments to promote the object, is likely to occur in a few years, this foreign demand for horses will receive a check, as horses equal in blood and bone can then be bred and reared on the extensive plains and wastes of Germany and Hungary, and elsewhere, at a much cheaper rate than on the dearer lands, and with the higher priced labors of this country. At the present moment foreigners and their governments are equally emulous in the imports of the best breeds, in furtherance of this end.

We believe that the Howden Michaelmas Horse Show is now acknowledged as decidedly one of the first in the United Kingdom; it is the great mart to which the breeder can bring his horses with the certainty of meeting with a good customer; whilst, on the other hand, dealers know that if there are any good horses to be bought in the country, Howden is the place at which they can be met with. The accommodation at the respective inns of the town are of a very superior description, and much more extensive than at several other towns where horse fairs are held.

The following distinguished personages attended the fair:—Baron Seldeneck and Baron Freystedt, from Germany; Baron Wentz, equerry to the Grand Duke of Baden; Colonel Sir Maxwell Wallace, and the officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards; Sir J. L. Kaye, &c. From London, we observed, Messrs. Dyson, Ellmore, Knight, Dickinson, Denham, Pain, &c., who made very extensive purchases. The attendance of dealers from the southern and midland counties, and indeed from all parts of England, was very numerous. Baron Seldeneck, Freystedt, and Wentz, were purchasers to some extent on the present occasion; they also purchased some valuable blood horses and brood mares, the property of the late Duke of Leeds and the Earl of Chesterfield, which were sold in Doncaster during the race week, by Messrs. Tattersall.

Bell's Life in London.

Benjamin Caunt is on a sparring tour, and will be in Liverpool on Tuesday, at Jem Ward's. Should Bendigo and Burke not make a match, he will be ready to meet the latter for one or two hundred pounds.

Railways versus Horses.—On Tuesday Mr. Dixon sold by auction, at his Repository, in Barbican, 101 horses, which have been turned out of employment in consequence of the railway trains. The lots consisted first of 12 "fast, seasoned, good horses," belonging to Mr. Symes, who have hitherto worked the Essex Herald from Egham to Basingstroke. Next came 70 horses belonging to Mr. Chaplin. Some of these superseded cattle had worked the London and Salisbury, Exeter, Southampton, and Portsmouth coaches, which are now forwarded per rail-road: others were engaged in drawing the passengers by the London and Birmingham Railway from Denbigh-hall to Rugby until the entire line was opened last week. The last batch comprised eight horses, which have hitherto worked the Windsor omnibus. There was a numerous attendance of town and country buyers, and sales went off briskly. If one were to judge by the eager competition of the bidders, railways have not diminished the value of horses. The large prices given astonished some speculators. A great number were knocked down for sums varying between 30 and 50 guineas.

Renewed Match between Drinkwater and Mountjoy.—On Tuesday last, the stakes for the stone picking match between Drinkwater and Mountjoy, were delivered to the latter, and after some argumentation a fresh match was made for the like sum, £100 aside, Mountjoy consenting to take one half the distance given in the late match, which was computed at one mile 790 yards; so that Mountjoy will now receive but 1260 yards start out of the whole distance of twenty-two miles and three quarters. It is yet to be decided whether this distance is to be given as Drinkwater may choose, or out of the first fifty stones. The match is to come off on Monday, the 5th of November, in Lord's Ground. Drinkwater is deeply mortified at his defeat, and intends to strain every nerve to retrieve his credit, at the same time that both his friends and himself admit that Mountjoy proved himself a much better man than they expected. The second deposit is to be made at the King's Arms, Cannon-row, on Wednesday evening next.

Serious Accident to Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart.—On Saturday week Sir Robert Sheffield, of Normanby-hall, was out shooting, and while in the act of reloading his gun, the powder was ignited, it is supposed from some undischarged portion of the wadding, upon which, the whole contents of the flask immediately exploded, and shattered his right hand in so dreadful a manner that he was obliged to have it amputated.

Accident to Lord Glenlyon.—Last week the above Noble Lord, while riding his horse in a hurdle-race in the neighborhood of Blair Atholl, Perth, in clearing one of the hurdles, was thrown heavily. Although severely hurt, his Lordship, with great agility, remounted his horse and won the race. It then appeared that in his fall he had sustained a compound fracture of his collar bone, but from the prompt attendance of a medical gentleman, who soon reduced the fracture, his Lordship is much better than might be expected.

Bendigo and Deaf Burke.—Bendigo scorns the idea of accepting odds from "The Deaf-'un," and will, as he has all along professed his readiness to do, fight him for a cool hundred. His money, he says, was in Peter Crawley's hands for five weeks to make the match, and he now expects "the redoubtable hero of Yankee celebrity" will go down to Sheffield to make a match. The money will be ready at Bendigo's house, the Manchester Arms, Sheffield. Bendy says he sees "no reason why the Lunnuners should have it all their own way."

Bell's Life, 7th Oct.

Enormous Pike.—On Tuesday and Wednesday week, one of the lakes in the grounds at Woodley, Berkshire, was drawn off for the purpose of cleaning out the weeds and mud, and, in consequence, a vast weight of fish was taken; it consisted of pike, carp, perch, roach, and eels; two of the pike were enormous, one weighing 30lbs., and the other 27lbs.; but the rest of this species averaged 5lbs. each; the carp were in abundance of 5lbs. and 6lbs. each, and the perch very large and numerous.

FANNON'S MARE.

The exploits of Fannon, the famous dry partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody-minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold-blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring; lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword, and rushed at his captain, swearing he would kill him. Fannon had stretched his slight form on the sward, and was resting with his elbow on the ground, and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his quick sharp tone. He laid still; calm and self-possessed, with his keen dark eyes, fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame. "*Thus* and *thus*, I punish those who disregard my authority!"—and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth forever.

But "Fannon's Mare" is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of this present writing. Achilles had his Xanthus and Balius, and Pondargæ; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood, like them, and like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better man." He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in color to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would. But Fannon lost his mare.

Down on the east of Little River the partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter—a whig from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently *a man of the times;* but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with a dozen bitter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray, for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down and seemed absorbed in his last petition to the throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by; and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered that there was more of earth than heaven in his thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks, and darted away like the wind!

The tory rifles were levelled in a moment—"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon—save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle, and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him—death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped. Through woods, and ravines, and brambles, did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before. But the foe came, he drew the rein and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forests of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare!

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foeman, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the the effects of his wound, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age.

Southern Citizen.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Among the scenes of the heavy gale which caused such wide-spread disaster to our lake shipping a fortnight since, one has come to our knowledge which equals in interest the most highly wrought tale of fiction. In that fearful night the steam boat Constitution, Capt. Appleby, was out amidst the terrors of the gale. By the glimpses caught at intervals, when the fitful storm for a moment broke away, the anxious and watchful commander was made aware of the critical situation of his boat, which was rapidly drifting in—under the hurricane power of the gale, which blew almost directly across the lake—towards a dangerous reef, from which escape would have been impossible. He went directly to the engineer, and ordered on "more steam." The reply of the engineer was that there was already as much on as the boilers would safely bear.

Again did the captain seek the deck to see if his laboring boat was making headway, and again returned to the engine room. He explained to the engineer their hazardous situation, and told him that all hope was lost, if no more headway could be gained—but left the engineer to act his discretion in the crisis. A moment of reflection, and his decision was made. Life or death hung on the issue. Certain destruction awaited the boat and her devoted crew, in a few brief minutes, if she did not gain upon the driving storm. This might be averted, if the boilers—already crowded to a fearful pressure—could yet bear a heavier strain, and that he determined to TRY. True, the awful horrors of an *explosion* were vividly before him—the mangled limbs, the scorched and lifeless bodies, the death shrieks and the groans of the hapless victims, were before his eyes and on his ear—the alternative was a fearful one, yet it must be resorted to.

He coolly directed the heads of two barrels of oil to be broken in, and the furnaces were rapidly fed with wood dipped in the highly inflammable liquid, while two men with ladles dashed the oil into the flames. The intense heat which these combustibles created, generated steam with the rapidity of lightning, and soon the resistless vapour forced up the safety valve, and issued forth with tremendous violence, its sharp hissing being heard above the wild uproar of the waters and the storm. With a desperate and determined courage, which equalled the most daring heroism that the page of history has ever recorded, the engineer sat down upon the lever of the safety valve, to confine and raise the steam to the necessary power required to propel the boat against the drifting waves! In this awful situation he calmly remained, until the prodigious efforts of the engine had forced the Constitution sufficiently off shore to be beyond the threatened danger.

This intrepid act was not a rash and vain glorious attempt to gain the applause of the multitude by a fool hardy exposure of life, in some racing excursion—it was not the deed of a drunken and reckless man, wickedly heedless of the safety of those whose lives were periled—but it was the self-possessed and determined courage of one whose firmness is worthy of all admiration. We give it as it was told to us, as one of those frequent scenes of real life, whose actual realities are indeed "stranger than fiction." Buffalo Commercial.

Appalling Incident.—The following is extracted from a private journal kept on board of the Vincennes, one of the vessels attached to the Exploring Expedition, and published in the Bunker Hill Aurora:—

"Just before noon, while taking in the main top gallant sail, one of the crew who was on the yard, by the slatting of the sail, had the buntline thrown over his head, and before he could free himself, was jerked off and forward of the yard, where he hung dangling by the neck at the height of eighty feet. He struggled for a moment only, trying with both hands to reach the rope over his head, and then they fell powerless by his side. He was first observed by the boatswain, who looked up, on seeing a hat fall overboard. I was by his side, and never shall I forget the face of horror, nor the unearthly and fearful shriek that broke from him after pointing aloft for a few seconds, incapable of uttering a sound. It was like that sometimes heard from persons suffering under the nightmare. It was indeed a most awful sight, to behold a fellow-creature thus quivering in the air, his arms dangling to and fro, and his whole body swayed backwards and forwards with every roll of the ship, fifteen or twenty feet, and every little while striking with violence against the mast. In a few seconds a dozen men were aloft to his assistance, but it seemed as many hours. And here a new danger presented itself; one of them, thinking only of freeing the sufferer's neck, caught him with one hand, leaning over the topsail yard, as he swung in, and began cutting the rope with the other. Providentially, the attempt was seen and arrested by the First Lieutenant. Had he cut the rope, the jerk must have thrown them off together. He was now soon liberated, but declared to be dead. On being lowered on deck in a hammock sent up for the purpose, the means used for the recovery of persons whose animation is suspended, were successfully used, and he is now doing well. Another minute, and all would have been over with him. On examination of the manner in which he was suspended, his preservation is little short of miraculous. There was only a single turn round his neck. Had it slipped, (and Heaven only can tell what prevented it,) he would have been dashed to pieces, or whirled overboard, where with the heavy sea that was running, he must have perished. Had it caught an inch nearer his ear, he must have suffocated, ere relieved. And in view of his escape, will you believe it, all he thinks of is stopping his grog to-day, lest it should induce fever! Not half an hour since, I went to see him, and he said 'it was bloody hard a man must lose his grog because he came near breaking his neck.' Such is the old man-of-war's man."

SWEEPSTAKES—OAKLAND COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Kentucky.

SPRING MEETING, 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 7 subs, viz:

Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | D. Stockton | W. W. Bacon.
W. T. Ward | Jas. K. Duke | Wm. Buford

2. A Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st Jan. next.

FALL MEEEING, 1839.

1. Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250, Two mile heats; to close 1st Jan next; 4 or more to make a race. The Proprietor adds a Plate to this stake, value $250. Now 3 subs., viz:

J. G. Boswell | Wm. S. Buford | M. W. Dickey.

2. Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $2000, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs., viz:

Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey name *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, now 3 yrs.
W. T. Ward names *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, now 4 yrs.
W. Viley names *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, now 3 yrs.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, to carry 70lbs. each, sub. $50, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close 25th Dec. next; now 2 subs. viz:

Thomas H. Philips | Frederick Herr.

SPRING MEETING, 1840.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $250, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 4 subs. viz:

D. Stockton | Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | A. C. Antill.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

H. W. Farris | W. S. Buford | Y. N. Oliver.

FALL MEETING, 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver | Chas. Buford | H. W. Farris.

SPRING MEETING, 1842.

Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 14 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver names produce of ——
L. P. Blackburn names produce of Anna Monroe and Eclipse.
W. T. Ward names produce of Bertress and Waxy.
George E. Blackburn names produce of Lucretia and Eclipse.
Also, " " " Martha Halloway and Eclipse.
D. Stockton names produce of Polly Hopkins and Birmingham.
Thos. G. Moore names produce of a St. Tammany mare and Imp. Glencoe.
M. W. Dickey names produce of Caroline Scott and Imp. Luzborough.
S. Davenport names produce of Betsey Harrison and Imp. Hedgeford.
Wm. S. Buford names produce of Scarlet's dam and Medoc.
H. W. Farris names produce of Frances Ann and Imp. Hedgeford.
J. G. Boswell names produce of Agnes Goode and Frank.
Geo. N. Sanders names produce of Tolivia and Imp. Tranby.
Wm. Buford, Sen., names produce of Peggy Stewart and Medoc.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3, 1838.—[n17] Y. N. OLIVER.

TO SPORTSMEN.

CHALLENGE.—A Dog of the Terrier breed, weighing 26lbs., four and a half years old, can be matched to fight any Dog for One Hundred Dollars and upwards a-side, to give or take one pound. This challenge will be kept open for one month: if not accepted within that time the dog will be withdrawn. For further particulars apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n17-3t]

TO SPORTSMEN.

CHAS WILSON, 51 CANAL STREET, would respectfully call the attention of Sportsmen, and the public generally, to his assortment of Satin-Beaver, Moleskin, and Fur Hats, viz: superior Moleskin, $3,50 (generally charged $4): very good Satin-Beaver, $2 50; fine short-napped Nutria, $4; first quality plain do., $4; Youths' and Boys' Hats proportionably cheap. Also a general assortment of Caps, both travelling and dress. [n3-tf.]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country, unlimited business was guarantied; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw a-side all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little, petty slanders, relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season; each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb. next, to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms: $100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them: his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

PREMIUM CATTLE.

TO BE SEEN AT 122 FULTON STREET, a pair of the most extraordinary fine Cattle, which were raised at Brighton, Mass., by Gorham Parsons, Esq., and fatted by Zachariah B. Porter, of the above place. These oxen are of a very remarkable and peculiar breed, the stock having been imported from Calcutta (East Indies), and are thought to be the only pair of cattle of this description in the United States. They have lately been purchased by Edmund Jones, of the Second Ward Hotel, New York, who has been induced, at the request of a number of his friends, to exhibit them for a short time at the above place, in order that the fine quality of this breed may come more into general notice. He has accordingly taken the building lot, No. 122 Fulton street, two doors from the corner of Nassau, where they may be seen from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., on and after the 24th inst. Admittance 12½ cents. [n3-tf.]

New York, October 22, 1838.

SWEEPSTAKES, METARIE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300; Mile heats. To name and close 15th Oct. Four or more to make a race. To come off on the Tuesday of the week of the regular Jockey Club Fall meeting. Now 7 subs.

James S. Garrison, | W. R. Barrow, | Richard Adams, | T. Simmons.
Dr. Ira Smith, | Thos. J. Wells, | C. C. S. Farrar, |

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150; Mile heats. Six or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Monday preceding the regular Spring meeting of 1839. Now 4 subs.

Montfort Wells, | W. J. Minor,
Col. A. L. Bingaman, | C. C. S. Farrar.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250; Two mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Tuesday in the week of the regular Spring meeting, 1839. Now 2 subs.

Montfort Wells, | C. C. S. Farrar.

Gentlemen desirous of making nominations in any of the above stakes, will please address S. M. READ, *Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club.*

New Orleans, Aug. 12, 1838.—[A25]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD. Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$500
Same day—Two mile heats	750
Second day—Three mile heats	1200
Third day—Four mile heats	2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse	1000

On Monday, Dec. 10—Match for $2500 a-side, h. ft., for 3 year olds, Four mile heats.
Maj. Thos. J. Wells names bl. f. *Extant*, by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Refugee by Wanderer.
Greer & Simmons name b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles.

On Tuesday, Dec. 11—Match for $5000 a side, h. ft., for 3 year olds, Four mile heats.
Maj. Thos. J. Wells names ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant.
Greer & Simmons name ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid Shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S. GARRISON,
RICHARD ADAMS,
THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.* [o6]

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE, will commence on Tuesday, 6th Dec., and continue six days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, 2d horse to receive $300, provided more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1200. Three mile heats.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $1200, 2d horse to receive $200 provided more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000. Two mile heats.

Third day—The *New Orleans Plate*, a splendid Tea Service of Silver, value $1000, Two mile heats. In this race 4 year olds and under carry their appropriate weights, 5 year olds and over, 100lbs.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $2500, 2d horse to receive $500 provided more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $2000. Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Proprietor's Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

New Orleans, Oct. 12, 1838.—[o27] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Sweepstakes, Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $100. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs.

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500, h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, coosisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.

The four named above are now in training on Long Island.

African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.

The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Romp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.

Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

BREEDING AND RACING STUD FOR SALE.

THE following Brood mares and Colts will be sold at auction during the ensuing meeting of the Columbus (S. C.) Jockey Club.

No. 1. *Grey mare*, about 15 years old, by Financier, dam by Blue-Beard, grandam Imp. Psyche by Sir Peter Teazle, bred by Lord Grosvenor.

HER PRODUCE.
1834 Gr. c. by Godolphin.
1835 B. f. by Bertrand Jr.
1836 Gr. f. by Nonplus.
1838 Stinted to Bertrand Jr.

No. 2. *Sorrel mare*, 6 yrs., by Crusader, dam by Bedford; grandam by Blue Beard; g.g. dam imported mare Psyche.

HER PRODUCE.
1837 Ch. c. by Imp. Rowton.
1838 Stinted to Imp. Emancipation.

No. 3. *Bay mare*, by Kosciusko, dam by Rosicrucian: grandam by Wildair. Nothing further is positively known of her pedigree, though believed to be thorough bred.

HER PRODUCE.
1833 B. f. by Godolphin, stinted to Bertrand Jr.
1834 S. f. by Godolphin.
1837 S. f. by Imp. Rowton.
1838 B. f. by Nonplus and stinted to him again.

No. 4. *Sorrel filly*, 4 yrs., by Godolphin, out of the dam of No. 2.

The three Four year olds and the Bertrand 3 year old, will be trained for the ensuing South Carolina races. [O13-tf.]

HAMPTON COURSE RACES.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the above course will commence on the second Tuesday, 8th January, 1839.

The great match race for $10,000, between *Volney* and *Target* will come off on Monday the 7th.

The splendid Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., declaration $100. Two mile heats.

J. E. Calhoun names b. f. *Nullification*, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
John G. Winter names b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
Also, " b. f. *Miss Armstrong.*
John Morrison names ——, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.
Also, " ——, by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
Col. Wade Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada.
Col. Paul Fitzsimons names ch. f. *Ada Byron*, by Priam, out of Delphine.
Michael Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Medway.

There are several other Stakes to be run for during the week; the stakes to come off the day or days to suit the convenience of the parties.

Jockey Club Purses.

First day—Mile heats, for 2 and 3 year old colts, a pair of superb Silver Pitchers, (ent. $25, 3 or more to make a race,) valued at	$250
Second day—Two mile heats	300
Third day—Three mile heats	500
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1500
Fifth day Mile heats best 3 in 5	400

☞ I have every thing in readiness for the accommodation of my customers.

[n10] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor.*

SPANIEL WANTED.

A FIRST RATE WATER DOG is wanted—a Spaniel would be preferred. Apply to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o27]

TALLAHASSEE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Annual Races of the Tallahassee Jockey Club will commence over the Marion Course on the second Wednesday in Jan. next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $20, h. ft., Two mile heats. Closed with seven subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Florida, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 3 subs.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Free for all, agreeably to the Rules of the Tallahassee Jockey Club. Ent. 10 per cent.

[n10] THOMAS BROWN, *Treasurer & Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 25th March.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

Second day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day—Purse $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start. Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start; Three mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start; Four mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when those rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best. Should but one or two start for the 2, 3, or 4 mile purses, the winner to receive only the same amount that he would if more than two had started.

As the New York and Philadelphia Rail Road, which will pass by the Eagle Course, will be completed before the ensuing Spring, the course will hereafter be opened in a manner far superior to what it has formerly been. The time of the meeting will not again be altered under any consideration. O. BAILEY, *Sec'y.*

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10]

SWEEPSTAKES—HAMPTON COURSE.

AS it is, and has been usual of late years, with the proprietors of the different race tracks of our country, to advertise their stakes and in my opinion to close at too early a period to give the owners of colts a fair opportunity of testing their racing qualities, I therefore communicate to the sporting world my present plan, rules, and terms.

There will be kept open Stakes for 2 and 3 year olds, to be run for every successive year, and not to be closed until one month previous to the race; declaration, 15 days before the coming off of the race.

Stakes of $1000 each subscription, ft. $500, dec. $100, will be Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Stakes of $500 each subscription, h. ft., dec. $75, will be Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Dashes of Two or One mile, to suit the convenience of parties; that is, the amount to be run for.

Persons wishing to make their entries, will please direct their letters to the subscriber, acting proprietor of the Hampton Course, or to Capt. WM. G. NIMMO, Secretary of the Hampton Jockey Club, Augusta, Ga. [n10] F. W. LACY.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following full blooded, improved Short-horned [Durham] Cattle:

Superior, red cow, calved Aug 8, 1832, by Gambier [2046], out of Splendour by Anson [1639], grandam Sophia by Cupid [958], &c. For more extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, pp. 634 and 646. Bred by Whitaker, and imported by the subscriber.

Nevis, red bull calf, calved 28th Aug., 1838, out of Superior by Boaz—see B.'s pedigree below.

Fanny, roan heifer, calved 31st May, 1835 [now in calf by Boaz], by Ambo [1636], out of Daisy by Fairfax [1023], grandam Lucy by Waraby [672]. For extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, p. 339. Imported by the subscriber.

Boaz, roan bull, calved 15th April, 1835, by Magnet, out of Young Princess by Albion, grandam Old Princess. Bred by Chas. H. Hall. For extended pedigree see certificates of Robert Stalen, Steward to the Earl of Derby, and the Breeder.

All these cattle are large and of the most approved form.

[O13 tf.] JAMES A. HAMILTON, Nevis, Dobbs Ferry P. O., New York.

NEW ORLEANS WEEKLY PICAYUNE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to this highly popular Southern journal received at this office. Devoted to every thing in general and full accounts of theatricals, racing, and all the sports going on in the Emporium of the South, in particular. The proprietors feel a confidence in recommending the Picayune to their Northern friends.

Terms—Five Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. For further particulars enquire at the office of the Spirit of the Times. [o2]

REPEATING FIRE ARMS--COLT'S PATENT.

No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary Pistol or Rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from ten to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The Perfection to which the Company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and as they believe, equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

Their Repeating Rifles will now be sold at from $50 to $60, and equipments $15, averaging from $65 to $75 complete and their Repeating Pistols from $20 to $35, depending upon the size and quality, all of perfect workmanship and material.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks, and all other equipments required by Sportsmen Travellers and others using their arms.—Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a Gun, Rifle, or Pistol.

They hope, in the course of a few months to present to the public Repeating Shot Guns, the model of which has been prepared and tested.

They would call the attention of the Agents of Foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and Soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A Detachment of Eighty men is an equal force to Eight Hundred with the ordinary Rifles or Musket. The Rifles and large Pistols are especially desirable *in arming the Police or Guards, or Watch of Cities and Fortifications, and on Ship board and Plantations.*

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The Company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their Arms.

N.B.—All Articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention if directed to the Subscriber,

[S8-tf.] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N.Y.

S. J. SYLVESTER,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

WARREN'S HORSE POWER.

A NEW invention, which has been thoroughly proved during the past year, and can be sold for half the price of any other invention now before the public. Price $40, to be used by one horse, and $50 for two horses. This horse power is suitable for all kinds of uses: for mills, circular saws, turning lathes, and especially threshing machines and cotton gins. Also for sale, Warren's Iron Threshing Machine, which is highly approved of. One man and a boy can tend it. Price, one horse power $20, and two horse power $25—bands found for $2 50—levers for one horse power, $2 50. Orders from any part of the United States or Canada and Texas, post paid, will be promptly attended to, by

[S15] E. WARREN, 126 Nassau st. New York.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravieur and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - -	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Monday, 10th Dec.
" "	Hampton Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Jan.
" "	" " Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*,
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - -	Bertrand Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Jan.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - -	Louisiana Course, J. Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Dec.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
" " "	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Match, $2500 a side, 4 m h., *Extant* vs. Pacific colt, Dec. 10.
" " "	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m h., *Beeswing* vs. *Willina Herndon*, Dec. 11.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Dec.
" " "	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday in March.
" " "	Match, $1000 a-side, *Uncas* vs *New Orleans Belle*, 20th Dec.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. -	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - -	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
TUSCALOOSA, Ala. - -	Mount Airy Course, Fall meeting 1st Monday, 3d Dec.
WASHINGTON, Arks. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.

STALLIONS FOR 1839.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond. Va., at $40, $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 and $100.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodlöe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C., at $30 and $45.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq, at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG. *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq, at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50 the season—$1 to the groom.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the groom

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75, $100, and $1 to the groom.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. James W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

☞ Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of $20, in this paper, no charge will be made.

BOAT RACE, PITTSBURG vs. LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) Nov. 20, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.—Having read some time since in your paper a description of our turf races, I thought an attempt to describe a *boat race* might not prove unacceptable; and if it is not what it ought to be, you must take the will for the deed. Some time since a challenge was given by the *Gipsey* barge club of Louisville, Ky., to the *Glaucus* barge club of Pittsburg, Pa., to row at Louisville from 1 to 4 miles, for from $500 to $1000 aside, the Gipsey paying $200 for their expenses, which was accepted by the latter club. Last week the sons of "the Iron city" honored us with their appearance with their Glaucus, and finally agreed the race should come off on Monday the 19th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., for $500 aside, 2¼ miles up the river, and 2¼ down, making in all 4½ miles.

About 3 o'clock the shores began to be lined with horsemen, footmen, steam boats, keel boats, skiffs, canoes, barges, yauls, and though last not least, the old-fashioned flat boat, all literally covered with people, and on the steamboats and in the carriages might be seen the bright eyes of beauty gracing the scene with their presence.

Bets were greatly in favor of the Glaucus, in consequence of their established fame, having won two or three races, and the acknowledged strength and powers of endurance of the Pittsburgers, though still the *blood* of the untried Gipseys rendered them no contemptible opponents, and their friends backed them freely. At 3 o'clock precisely the boats were at the starting point, the Glaucus having won the track; she lay in her beauty like a sea bird upon the water, waiting for her adversary to take the station assigned her, which was done by the gallant Gipsey on the outside, and consequently more in the current. There was considerable anxiety to see which would get the start, so as to keep the shore all the way up for the benefit of having the eddy—odds were offered that the Glaucus would take it, as she had invariably done so—and the friends of the Gipsey were equally sanguine.

At the tap of the steamboat bell they started with the fleetness of the antelope; and it was seen that the Gipsey gained something the first pull—the second, still more, and at the third and fourth, shot ahead of the Glaucus, amid the deafening shouts of the "corn crackers," and took the track; the Glaucus, nothing daunted, following close in her wake. The first mile the Gipsey still kept gaining and increasing the distance, till at the second mile there was three or four lengths difference. It was found the Gipseys would not hold out, as they rowed a quicker stroke than the Glaucus, at the rate of 5 to 3. The buoy being close by, there was a smart brush—the Gipseys endeavoring to turn as quick as possible and take advantage of the current down stream, and the Glaucus to lessen the distance between them. At this time the excitement was intense among the betting gentlemen, aye, and the ladies too. Horsemen were riding up and down, carrying the news to many a fair face. The Gipsey made the buoy about four lengths ahead of the Glaucus, and in turning, the stroke oar of the former came out of its place, and the turn was not made as well as it ought to have been, but the difference was scarcely noticed, when she got round and shot ahead with the speed of thought (almost). The Glaucus coming to the buoy, and turning beautifully, crossed the track of the Gipsey, and taking the outside as they went down, the Gipsey still ahead, and inclining to the shore, while the Glaucus kept (and wisely too) the current, and widened the distance across from one boat to the other. The Pittsburgers now saw that the Glaucus was getting the advantage, for as the Gipsey kept inclining to the shore, they lost the current, and made the distance longer by going in the bend of the river, so that at the end of the first mile it was very easily to be seen that the Glaucus had gained a length, though the Gipsey was still considerably ahead. The boats continued in this position for the next mile, or nearly so, until the last quarter stretch, when the Gipsey's found the Glaucus had not only gained her lost distance, but was still gaining, and had got a length ahead; the struggle was now tremendous. The Gipsey sprung like a fiery steed goaded with the spur, and the Glaucus exerted all her energies in the last grand effort, the friends on both sides making the air resound with their cheering, and kerchiefs waving from carriage and steam boat, to encourage either crew, and as the Gipsey kept gaining little by little, her friends were sanguine of winning, but the distance was not sufficiently long, (I mean from the time they got out of the bend,) and the Glaucus, amid the cheers of the Pittsburgers that almost rent the sky, came in ahead, winning by a half a length!

Thus ended the first boat race in Louisville, and it was a splendid one; the match was rowed in 26 minutes precisely. The judges were—GARNETT DUNCAN, ROBT. J. WARD, —— PRATHER, Esqrs. and Capt. C. M. STRADER.

It was apparent the crew of the Glaucus was much better disciplined, they having pulled together so frequently in other races; at any rate, they rowed with the precision of a machine. The Gipsey was evidently the fleetest boat, and was rowed the longest distance in the same time, which proved that her crew had as good bottom as blood, and had it not been that their coxswain steered them into the bend of the river, they must necessarily have won, for the pilots and all the "river-men," and indeed every one else knows, it makes from 150 to 200 yards difference in distance, besides the loss of current.

W. H. G.

In digging a well opposite Natchez, a rifle gun was found twenty-two feet below the surface.

On taking it away, we understand it *went off*.

ADMIRAL.

At the request of a Western breeder, who asks for information relative to this son of Imp. Barefoot, who has followed his sire to the West, we have compiled the following brief sketch of his pedigree and performances. He was sold last season by Commodore RIDGELEY to M. BEACH, Esq., of Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio, and was on that gentleman's farm, when we last heard of him.

Admiral was bred by JAMES BATHGATE, Esq., at West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. He was got by Imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary (own sister to Medoc) by Eclipse—grandam by Imp. Expedition—g. g. dam Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark. He was foaled in 1832, and we recollect him as a chesnut with little or no white, about 15 hands high, very compactly and well put up, and highly promising.

He made his debut in Mr. Bathgate's name on the Eagle Course at Trenton, N. J., on the 10th June, 1835, for a purse of $150, Mile heats, which he won handily in 1:53—1:50, carrying 90lbs. (as a 3 yr. old), beating Capt. Stockton's b. f. by Lance, and D. P. Palmer's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Henry, both 3 yrs. old.

His friends had so much confidence in his game and foot, that he was soon after named as the choice of the North against the choice of the South, to run a match for $5000 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, over the Union Course, L. I., at the Fall meeting. The record of the meeting is to this effect:—

Nov. 4, 1835—John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Admiral*, by Imp Barefoot, 3 yrs., 90lbs, received forfeit from Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. *Daniel*, by Medley, same age and weight, in a match, Two mile heats, for $5000 a-side, half forfeit.

A second match having been proposed between the North and the South, for the same amount ($5000 a-side), to run *Four* mile heats, in the following Spring, the North again made choice of *Admiral*, while the South nominated *Margaret Armistead* (alias Rebecca Coleman). Admiral came upon the track too high in flesh, and groggy as a post horse—tortured into a perfect screw. His legs were "so shaky" that his trainer had dared not give him his proper work, and sure enough, before the race was over they gave way. Here is the record of it:—

TUESDAY, May 3, 1836—Match for $5000 a-side, Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's br. f. *Margaret Armistead* (late Rebecca Coleman) by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs. 101lbs.................... 2 1 1

Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. *Admiral*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Medoc's dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs. 104lbs.................... 1 2 2

Time, 8:05—8:50—3d heat in 3d mile Admiral broke down.

We believe he has not been trained since this race, though when we last saw him at Com. Ridgeley's, he showed no symptoms of lameness, but having filled out and grown surprisingly, was really a very fine and blood-like looking animal.

IMPORTED HEDGEFORD.

HAMBURGH (S. C.), Nov. 17, 1838.

To the Editor Spirit of the Times,—I am very glad to find that the friends of Imp. *Hedgeford* have come out with a banter in reply to "*N. of Arkansas*" I hope we shall have a race. I admire the opinions of N. generally, though I fear he is, like a great many others, prejudiced against Hedgeford; but I hope not so much as "*Hipperast*," in vol. 4, p. 514 Am. Turf Register, who was so afraid of his back and legs, that he prophecied that all who bred from him would say he had too much legs and back, by four to six inches. But he was moderate to "Barrymore," vol. 5, p. 294, same work; in his remarks he says:—

"Hedgeford should be sent to the mountains, and at a proper price, he would find patrons among those who look only to size, and who are willing to encounter the expense of that extra food necessary to sustain such huge animals."

Such remarks as the foregoing are well calculated to prejudice the minds of breeders against a horse. For my own part, I have seen Hedgeford often, and a number of his colts, he having stood in this section two seasons. He had a number of fine mares, though he was not as liberally patronized as he deserved, and as he would have been if it had not been for the above wise prophets, who, I hope, have lived to see their errors; for, so far as Hedgeford's colts have been tried, they are all trumps when out of full-bred mares. We have some of this class that have produced colts by Hedgeford, that we think, from their appearance at this time, will be able to run with any stock, whether bred on the sea-shore or mountains. His 2 yr. olds and yearlings are the finest and most game-looking young things I have ever seen; and I venture to say, if Hedgeford was brought back to Augusta, or Carolina, he would get as many mares as his owners would allow him to cover, at $100 the season. There are few who bred to him that did not get colts, for he is the surest horse I almost ever saw, and those that have been so fortunate as to get his colts, will part with them only when they are tempted by long prices, or until they are convinced that "Barrymore" was right in his conjectures. There are several of his colts entered in stakes in Newberry, where he stood in 1837; amongst them you may look out for "a fall," as "Oil Stone" says. I know of one of his colts, foaled last Spring, that cannot be bought for $1500 at this time, and there are several others that are valued very high for their race horse appearance, the opinions of Hipperast and Barrymore notwithstanding.

I am in no way interested in any stallion on earth, but think Hedgeford has been very much persecuted, and that such colts as *Duane* and Col. SANFORD's, of Georgia, with others, should at least put a stop to it at present.

SALUDA.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

OAK GROVE, Montgomery County, (Tenn.) Nov. 17, 1838.

Dear Sir,—You will please state in the Spirit of the Times, that Imported *Autocrat* has been removed from Capt. ROSCOE C. DICKENSON's to Col. SAMUEL LYNES' two miles from Clarksville on the Russelville Road, at which place he will make his next season at $60, and $75 to insure. You will also advertise him in the Spirit through the season.

The get of Autocrat, in this section, are equal, in appearance, to the get of any other Stallion within my knowledge—possessing fine size, much beauty, and a very game look. If appearances are anything, they must make race horses of the first order.

J. D. T.

A RARE PRIVILEGE.—A correspondent has informed us that Lord Methuen has given the sporting upon the whole of his extensive and well-stocked game preserves to his tenantry, who have nearly all taken out game certificates. Not one keeper is now kept to carry a gun; even the preserves round the house and the parks are thrown open to his tenants to sport over.

GOING, GOING, GONE.—A gentleman, hailing from New York, and answering to the rapid name of George Gallop, was brought up for unskilful drinking. When overhauled, for the last time, at the corner of Prince and Hanover streets, he stated that he was an auctioneer from New York, and, being a stranger in this city, had forgot his number. The Charley wanted some proof his profession, and proposed, "as a taste of his quality," that he should sell the lamp-post close by. Gallop *leaped* at the proposition, and *trotting* up to the post, commenced selling in New York style, thus:—

"Gentlemen, please give your attention while I sell this lamp-post, and gas light and contents -all good as new, and some a little better. The light is brilliant, as you can see, gentlemen. What's offered, who'll give me a bid?—willing to commence with a low sum, to give every one a chance. Am I offered a quarter?—a quarter is offered—a half, shall I have it?—the post alone is worth ten times the money, gentlemen, even for old iron—might, with little alteration, be made into a ship's cannon, or a field-piece for the Texian or Canada market. A half I'm offered—who'll say an eigth? Five-eighths it is, then—who'll say another?—I have it—who'll say a dollar?—quick, or you'll loose it. Thank you, sir, that shows some spirit.

"A dollar—two bidders—who goes the other quarter? The light is warranted not to go out—till the gas is all gone. Speak quick, then—a quarter I have—just see, how the light sparkles—the pleasure of looking at it burning so brightly, is worth twice the sum bid. Yes, look, now—if the properties of gas had been discovered when the Universe was created, the celestial machinery of the sun, moon, and stars, would not have bee needed, nor would it have been necessary to grow up the giants we read of, to nail up stars on dark nights. Neither should we have had occasion to study astronomy, or bother our heads about centripetal or centrifugal forces. Any one go the half, then—the dollar and half? Going, going—have you all done, gentlemen?—gone—one dollar and a half—it is yours, sir—cash."

The Charley was well satisfied with Mr. Gallop's skill, and though a little affected with the blind staggers, he made him *prance* off to jail; and the court made him *canter* to the City Stables at South Boston.

Several New York auctioneers have lately absconded from that city in consequence of having been detected in gross acts of swindling. Whether Gallop belongs to that knock-'em-down category or not, did not appear from the evidence.

Boston Post.

TROTTING, KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE following purses will be given for the improvement of Trotting Horses, to be run in the order in which they are set down.

On the day previous to the Spring races, a purse of $100, free only for horses belonging to Maryland, which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

Same day—Purse $200, free only for horses belonging to Maryland that never won a purse over $100 entrance money to go to the 2d horse in last heat; Mile heats in Harness.

On the day following the Races a purse of $700. $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat, Three mile heats under the Saddle, free for all.

Same day—Purse $300, $100 of which goes to the 2d in the last heat, free only for horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course. Entries for the first two purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races at 5 o'clock P.M. Entries for the last two purses will close on the last day of the Races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent. Stables, litter, and straw, gratis.

Baltimore, Nov. 30, 1838. [d1] J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

RACES IN 1838 NOT REPORTED.

We would call the attention of Turfmen and Breeders to the annexed list of Races that have not been reported this year, in the hope that they will take measures to ensure their stock "fair play." We desire to place upon record, in the pages of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, the pedigree and performances of every horse on the American Turf, and to accomplish this end have expended large sums in sending special correspondents to attend race meetings in every section of the country. Notwithstanding the most unwearied exertions on our part, it will be impossible to preserve an authentic and complete record of the performances of the horses of the present day, unless those interested make it the imperative duty of Secretaries of Clubs, and Clerks of Courses, to report their races for publication. In making up our annual Lists of Winning Horses at the end of the year, we shall be necessarily obliged to omit many of those who have distinguished themselves, their breeders, and their stock, unless their owners make it a point to see that their performances are duly registered. To prevent an unpleasant occurrence of this nature, we have taken pains to prepare the following list of Races this year that have not yet been reported. Gentlemen owning horses that have been winners at either of them, will therefore see the necessity of instructing the proper person to furnish a report for publication; in the event of their not being supplied from such a source, or some other, the winnings of their horses must of course be omitted. We feel that we need not impress upon breeders and those training and running horses, the manifest importance of having the performances of their "cracks" placed on record, and we invite their attention to the subject that no blame may be attached to us hereafter, for omitting their names in making up the List of Winning Horses in 1838. In the list below we have given the date at which the meetings commenced, the better to designate them; and as the required reports are sent to us, the names of the places at which the races came off will be omitted.

SPRING RACES.

Barnwell, S. C. commenced	March 13	Newbern, N. C. commenced	April 19
Buffalo, N. Y.	May 30	Nottoway, Va.	May 16
Canton, Miss.	April 10	Peoria, Ill.	May or June
Columbus, Ga.	May 8	Terre Haute, Ind.	May 2
Jackson, Tenn.	May 8	Velasco, Texas	May 1
Lewisville, Ohio	April 25	Warrenton, N. C.	May 2
Mount Sterling, Ky.	May 3		

FALL RACES.

Culpeper C. H., Va.	Sept. 17 or 25	Monticello, Mo.	Sept. 13
Christianville, Va.	Nov. 6	Mount Sterling, Ky.	Sept. 13
Dover, Ky.	Oct. 17	New Iberia, La., Match	Oct. 13
Dresden, Tenn.	Sept. 11 & Oct. 2	Newport, Ky.	Sept. 19
Fayetteville, Arks.	Oct. 4 or 16	Newberry C. H., S. C.	Nov. 6
Fort Smith, Arks.	Oct. 24	Newfoundland, N. J.	Nov. 14
Flemingburg, Ky.	Oct. 2	Nottoway, Va.	Sept. 18
Grand Gulf, Miss.	Nov. 7	Olympian Springs, Ky.	Sept. 27
Independence, Mo.	Oct. 11	Palmyra, Mo.	Sept. 25
Irwinton, Ala.	Oct. 23	Paris, Tenn.	Oct. 8
Jackson, Tenn.	Sept. 24	Petersburg, Tenn.	Sept. 13
Jefferson City, Mo.	Sept. 26	Post of Arkansas	Oct. 25
Kingston, Ala.	Oct. 17	Ridgeville, Md.	Aug. 21
Lafayette, Ill.	Oct. 16	Ripley, Miss.	Nov. 5
Lafayette, Ind.	Oct. 17	Sandwich, U. C.	Oct. 16
Lancaster, Pa.	Sept. 11	Saline Course, Mo.	Nov. 1
Leonardtown, Md.	Oct. 30	Springfield, Ala.	Oct. 15
Lagrange, Tenn.	Nov. 24	St. Francisville, La., Match	Oct. 1
Livingston, Ala.	Nov. 12	Selma, Ala.	Nov. 13
Madison, Ky.	Sept. 27	Tuscumbia, Ala.	Nov. 12
Memphis, Tenn.	Nov. 5	Warrenton Springs (Lee's), Va.	Sept. 10

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 40½ BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c, must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

j11-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT..

HORSE AND CARRIAGE EMPORIUM —The Subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened an extensive Emporium for the Sale of Horses, at 72 Prince street, opposite Niblo's Garden, every Friday, at 11 o'clock, [horses, &c., must be entered the night previous to ensure a number on the catalogue,] and they hope to merit the confidence of the public, as nothing shall be wanting on their part to give general satisfaction. Mr. Cox has been favorably known for many years as one of the most extensive dealers in New York. Horses taken at Livery and to Hire at all times to their friends.

D. T. COX
[n24-3m] J. P. BUTLER.

MONTGOMERY (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE Annual Races over the Bertrand Course, will commence on the 22d January, 1839, when the following purses will be run for:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse - - $300
Second day—Two mile heats - - 500
Third day—Three mile heats - - 700 Free for all.
Fourth day—Four mile heats - - 1000
Fifth day—Mile heats best 3 in 5 - - 300

The Purses will be hung up at the Stand on each day.

[n24-9t] TAYLOR & BROWN, *Proprietors.*

TROTTING HORSE.

JACK SCOTT FOR SALE.—He is a black horse, 15½ hands high, strongly formed, eight years old, sound in every respect, and without any blemish whatever; gentle in single or double harness, and under the saddle, and can trot a mile in harness or under the saddle in two minutes and fifty seconds, can go in a wagon in three minutes, and for endurance he is unrivalled. He is sold for no fault, but because his owner is going to New Orleans, and has no further use for him.

The horse can be seen at Tattersall's, Broadway. Application can be made to the Editor of this journal. [n24]

DUCHESS OF CARLISLE.

FOR SALE, the thorough-bred filly *Duchess of Carlisle*, 4 years old last Spring. She was got by Oscar Jr., her dam by Tayloe's (Wynn's) Rattler, grandam by Old Sir Archy, g. g. dam by Tayloe's Topgallant, g. g. g. dam the imported mare Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy.

Oscar Jr. was by Ogle's Oscar, and he by the Imp. Gabriel, out of Vixen by Old Medley. Oscar Jr.'s dam was Dr. Edelin's celebrated mare Floretta, by Spread Eagle, her dam by Hall's Union. Topgallant by Imp. Diomed out of a Shark mare.

By extending this pedigree, it will be seen that the Duchess of Carlisle is as high bred as any filly in England or in this country. She is perfectly sound, and would make good running next year in good hands. She will be sold low.

Address Gen. GEORGE GIBSON, Washington City. [n17-3t]

BROOD MARES AND FOALS FOR SALE.

THE following pure blooded Brood Mares, with filly foals at their feet by Imported Cetus, St. Leger, etc., may be had on good terms on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Editor of this paper.

Bay mare *Anna Bloodgood* by John Richards, with filly foal by Imp. Cetus.
Chesnut mare *Cerulia*, by Marksman, with filly foal by Imp. Cetus.
Bay mare *Marcia*, by Sir Charles with ch. colt foal by St. Leger.
Chesnut mare *Cornelia*, by Rattler, in foal to Henry 2d.
Black mare —— ——, by Windflower, with filly foal by Henry 2d.
Grey filly *Constance*, by Imp. Autocrat, in foal to Imp. Margrave.
Grey filly ——, by Imp. Autocrat, 2 yrs., out of Fertility, half sister to Trumpator.

☞ This stock is now in Virginia, and will be sold low, if immediate application is made. [n24-3t]

CHEROKEE, BY SIR ARCHIE, FOR SALE.

THE owners of this celebrated Stallion wish to dispose of him on liberal terms. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to A. C. COX, Greensburg, Green County, Kentucky. [n24-3t]

BROOD MARES.

FOR SALE, several thorough-bred mares, of approved blood, that have passed the last season with *Mingo*. These mares were bred by the subscriber, are healthy, of good size and form, and have proved themselves to be good breeders. Letters of application for additional information, post paid, will receive early attention from the Editor of this paper, and from C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1838.

☞ The mares are in Chester County, not far distant from Philadelphia, and will be shown to persons desirous of examining them. Some of them have foals at their heels.

[o6-tf.] C. I.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the following Theatres will be opened during the ensuing winter season:—

New City Theatre, Little Rock, Arkansas.
New City Theatre, Natchez, Mississippi.
New City Theatre, Grand Gulf, Miss.
New City Theatre, Port Gibson, Miss.

Letters from Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent and respectability, will be promptly attended to, if addressed (post paid) to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky.

Natchez, Miss., Aug. 16, 1838. [S15] JOHN S. POTTER.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 18 (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great [illegible] taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance - - - - - - - - - $5 00
For Six Months' Subscription, in advance - - - - - - - - 2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed—
For one Square, (twenty-two lines) first insertion - - - - - - $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto) each subsequent insertion - 1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.